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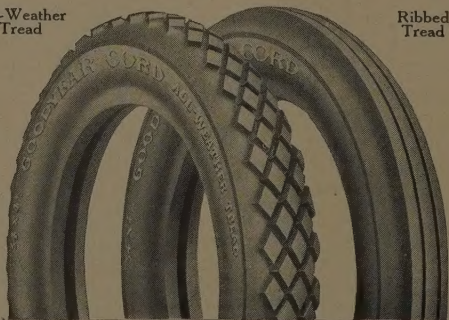
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In the July Issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

appeared several articles of special interest to you.

Among them were:

- The Inner Life of the Actress.*
- Bits That Have Made Actors Big.*
- Anita Stewart—A Darling of Filmland.*
- Vicissitudes of a Playwright—Edward Locke.*
- Greek Drama in Beautiful Settings.*

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

will contain many features of unusual importance. Among them are:

1. OPENING OF THE NEW DRAMATIC SEASON:

The theatre managers have prepared an astonishing array of novelties for 1915-16. Comprehensive forecast of the principal plays to be seen and something about the players.

2. THE ART OF JOSEPH URBAN:

The designer of the exquisite stage settings in the "Ziegfeld Follies" talks interestingly of his life and work.

3. LOU-TELLEGEN AND BERNHARDT:

This picturesque young actor and matinee idol, who has now made America his home, and who is shortly to become one of our actor-managers, tells of his early experiences as leading man with Sarah Bernhardt.

4. THE HOBBIES OF PLAYERS:

Actors and actresses, when away from the stage, enjoy favorite pastimes like other folk. Entertaining account of the predilections and interests of a number of prominent stage people.

5. EDWARD KNOBLAUCH—DRAMATIST OF DREAMS:

Interesting pen portrait of the American dramatist who wrote a matchless play of the East and made a matinee god out of a mythological one in the same season.

6. NEW FACES AND OLD NAMES:

Children of stars of to-day are destined to be stars themselves to-morrow. Ambitious bearers of such famous stage names as Skinner, Mantell, Sothorn, Coghlan, Robson, and Miller, which the new season has brought forward.

QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with player's purely personal affairs will be ignored.

E. B. R., Stamford, Conn.—Q.—Kindly publish some account of Florence Reed, including names of plays in which she has appeared. 2. Have you ever published an article about Miss Reed, or photographs of her other than those in "The Yellow Ticket" and "A Celebrated Case?"

A.—Florence Reed was born in Philadelphia, being a daughter of the well-known comedian, Roland Reed. She made her stage debut in 1901 at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, doing a monologue written especially for her by George M. Cohan. After a few successful months in vaudeville, she joined the Proctor Stock Company. Later she supported May Irwin in "The Widow Jones" and "Madge Smith, Attorney." She then returned to stock, and was unusually successful in such roles as Zaza, Glory Quayle, Mrs. Dane, Carmen, Janice Meredith, Lady Teazle and Lydia Languish. While in Worcester, with the Malcolm Williams Stock Company, Miss Reed created the leading roles in eight new plays being tried out for the Shuberts. The season of 1907-08 she was leading woman for E. H. Sothorn. Since then she has appeared in "Girls," "The Master of the House," "The Typhoon," "The Girl and the Penant," "The Yellow Ticket" and recently in "A Celebrated Case." 2. We have never printed an article on Miss Reed, but in our June 1915 issue there was a picture and some facts about her in an article entitled "Discouragements." The following is a list of her pictures that we have published: December 1913 in "The Girl and the Penant"; October 1912 in "The Master of the House"; April 1912 in "The Typhoon," small head in June 1911; personal pictures in October 1908, June and December 1907. We furnish any back issues on request. M. G. C., Bronx, N. Y.—Q.—Will you kindly give me particulars about the comedy "Our Wives" which was produced about five years ago? By whom written, by whom played, and by whom produced?

A.—"Our Wives," a comedy in three acts (from the German by Helen Krafft and Frank Mandel) was produced on November 4, 1912 at Wallack's Theatre with Henry Kolker and Pamela Gaythorne in the leading roles.

E. R., Pottsville, Pa.—Q.—Can you tell me whether motion picture companies want two reel scenarios or only six reel plays, and also if scenarios are ever sent to film stars?

A.—We consider it best to send scenarios direct to the film companies. Most of the producers are in the market for both long and short film plays.



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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Florence Walton

The colored portraits that appear on the covers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Florence Walton, the well-known dancer, was born in Wilmington, Delaware. Her first stage appearance was in Philadelphia with a summer stock company. Her next engagement was in New York City with Lew Fields. In February, 1912, after a long day's rehearsing in "The Rose Maid," Mr. Ziegfeld came to her and asked her to go on that night with Maurice in "Over the River." Miss Walton was petrified with fright, but she realized the value of the opportunity, and told him she would try. Mr. Ziegfeld took her to the Globe Theatre where she met Maurice for the first time. Maurice showed her his waltz, turkey-trot, and tango, and with that much instruction, they appeared together that night. The rest of her career is well-known. Maurice and Miss Walton are being featured in the new production, "Hands Up."

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXII

AUGUST, 1915

No. 174

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Sarony

EDWARD H. SOTHERN

This distinguished American actor will return to the stage this coming season under the direction of Messrs Shubert, in a repertory of modern pieces. Next spring Mr. and Mrs. Sothorn (Julia Marlowe) will make a farewell tour of the United States and Canada in Shakespearean plays.

WHERE THEY ARE SUMMERING.

THERE was a time when the actor hesitated to say that he was "resting." This was because it usually meant that he was out of a job. "Resting" was a graceful simile for a sorrowful fact. However, considering that over \$3,000,000 is invested in summer homes by actors and actresses, the outlook is far from gloomy. Within the last few years "the actor's rest" has become quite luxurious. This no doubt is thanks to the moving picture industry. There never was a time, on this account, in the history of the theatre when the actor was so well able financially to have a country home as now. The most homeless man in the summer now is the manager. No one knows where he lives, or, sadder still, how he lives.

The beautiful scenic interiors, in which the players so often find themselves in the drawing-room comedies of scintillating dialogue, often represents their ideals of a country home. You know the sort of scene, with long French windows at the back, opening upon an exquisite rose garden, with an occasional automobile horn off stage thrown in to give spacious atmosphere. All rooms on the stage are high-ceilinged, usually decorated with oak panels, great high carved fire-places, delightfully cool and dainty furniture, and everything glowing under the exquisite lighting of the calcium. Expense is no object when it comes to furnishing an actor's country home. Most of them spend all they make on these country estates. This last season, in sixteen weeks, one celebrated star made over

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Laurette Taylor
On the grounds of her
country home on the
Thames, England.



\$50,000 for herself, and after three weeks' retirement started out again to do another sixteen weeks in repertoire plays and moving pictures. This is an average income of a successful star. A great many of them make more than the President of the United States gets in his pay envelope, and earn it much easier. They don't really need the "rest" as much as he does.

One recalls a visit to Maude Adams' home at Ronkokoma, L. I., which had all the mysterious thrills one might feel in entering some sacred precinct.

It was hallowed ground so far as the inquisitive were



Underwood & Underwood
Idle hours at "Dream Lake" the Ossining Estate
of Margaret Illington.

concerned. By devious ways it was managed, however, even to entering her private room. The interior was fashioned like an attic with a sloping window, an imitation of old-fashioned beams, a high, four-posted bedstead, a plain Quaker gray cloak thrown over the foot of the bed and beside it a *prie-dieu*. The house itself below this attic room was beautifully furnished, and great acres of woodland surrounded it. It cost probably \$75,000, and yet the atmosphere of the actress' private retreat was a simplicity itself. So, it is not fair to apply the theatrical quality of actors and actresses to their home lives. Usually there is a note in the harmony of their private



Fishing is May Irwin's chief summer excitement



© Underwood & Underwood
Julia Marlowe on her boat at
Westhampton, L. I.



"Tawno Ker"—The summer residence of Otis Skinner at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

lives that reveals itself in the country homes of players. Nazimova's bungalow in Westchester has one room, devoted to mysterious lights and shadows. In this room is her piano, and one enters it from the glare and glory of a summer afternoon and finds oneself plunged into the mysterious shadowy light of a cathedral. In actual measurements, its proportions are small, but by the subtlety of arrangement of filtered light through

stain glass windows, of heavy tapestry, and the perfume of a little incense tablet burning unseen, the effect is semi-religious. It is here that Nazimova restores her tragic spirit and spends hours at her piano. In the same grounds where her one-story bungalow stands is a more pretentious house which she built for her sister and her nephews and nieces. When tired of dreaming, she goes out to have a romp with the children.

Billie Burke, in private life Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld, occupies a luxurious country home, Berkeley Crest, at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, pictures of which appeared in the July issue of this magazine. Pictures of Ann Murdock's beautiful residence at Bronxville appear elsewhere in this issue.

Since Laurette Taylor decided to remain in England and cheer the English soldiers in "Peg o' My Heart," with her husband, Mr. Hartley Manners, she has taken a country place on the Thames, near London. To show her American friends how happy she is, she had special photographs taken of herself on her tennis court.

May Irwin, reported to have more real money than anybody else on the stage, has annexed an island in The Thousand Islands for herself. Here she indulges in no society stunts; she "roughs it," as our English cousin would say. Fishing is May Irwin's chief excitement, that and feeding some pet snakes on the wharf, which her husband has carefully trained for

(Continued on page 94)

Center picture—Mme. Nazimova's
bungalow and grounds

Lower picture—"Brucewood"—
Robert B. Mantell's home at
Atlantic Highlands, N. J.
(Photo Otto Sarony)



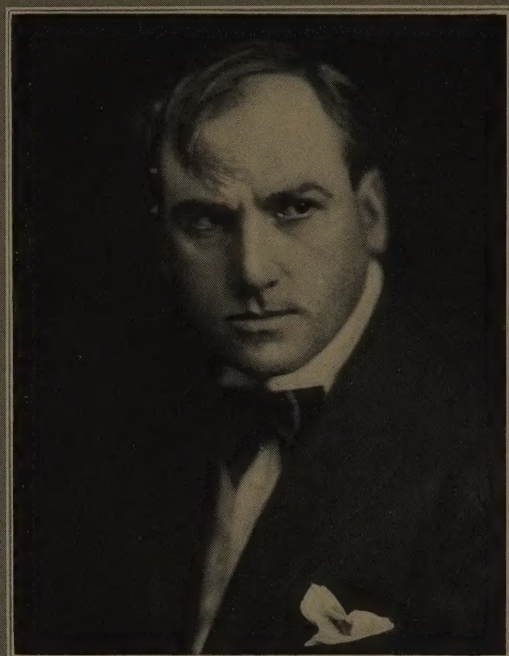
Silent and Spoken Drama

George Beban discusses his new style of play—half reel and half real.

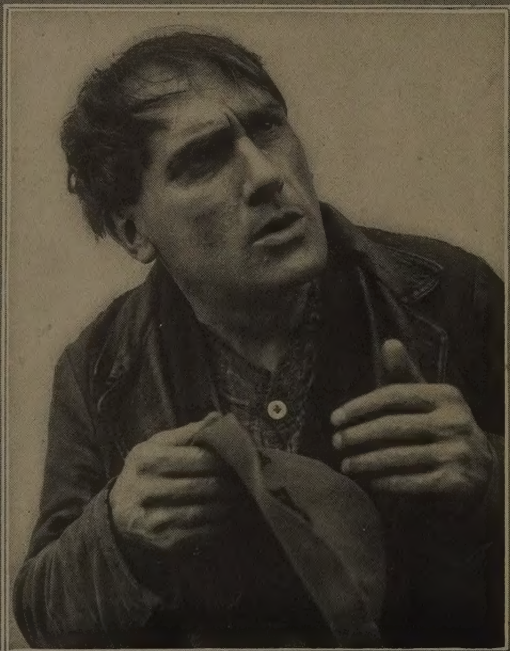
BROADWAY is getting so many stage novelties of late that it is beginning to take them for granted. Nowadays unless a new production immediately tickles the blasé theatre-goer's palate by containing some unusual or sensational feature, it hardly arouses any comment. Such attempts at something new, however, are not all successful. Of the numerous efforts made recently to attract the public in this way only two productions have met with real success.

One of these was a play deliberately written backward—a tense and vivid drama which had its conclusion at its beginning and its introduction at the end. Elmer Reizenstein, a young law clerk, with his maiden effort, the play "On Trial," became a pioneer in a new field of the drama. His reward, when all the counting is done, will probably approximate a quarter of a million dollars.

The other novelty which promises to be the vanguard of an even more interesting form of dramatic art was George Beban's recent production of "The Alien" at the Astor Theatre. In this was given, for the first time in the history of the stage, a serious combination of the silent and the spoken drama. Opening with nine reels of motion pictures, the story was brought to a crucial point, at which there was sudden darkness in the theatre, and the curtain rose, disclosing the same players standing in the same scene in the same positions as they were when the picture flashed out. The effect was startling as well as novel.



Flower shop scene used for both the stage and screen parts of "The Alien" (Upper picture) George Beban—Photo Hoover Art Co.



George Beban as Pietro in "The Alien"



The story of "The Alien" is based on "The Sign of the Rose," a dramatic vehicle which has featured George Beban for several years past. It is frankly melodramatic, and its widely diverging thrills give full play to the ingenious possibilities of the cinematograph. There is the usual erring son, who, disinherited, attempts to recoup some part of the fortune he had hoped for by kidnapping his brother's little daughter and demanding ransom under the guise of the Black Hand. A good-hearted Italian laborer, Pietro, whose beloved little girl has recently been killed by an automobile, is caught in the police net and suspected of the kidnapping. He remains in melodramatic hot water until the truth finally outs. The hundred and one little incidents of human heart interest with which the action of the play in picture form abounds are admirably brought out by the constant cross-flashing of scenes. By this same system of flash-backs, showing first one scene and then another and then flashing back to the first and then to the second, simple scenes are worked up to a state of suspense of which similar situations would be incapable if shown on the stage.

George Beban is admirable as Pietro, the Italian subway-digger. His impersonation is startlingly realistic and true to life, and comes after a study of years devoted to character work. The present performance entitles him to high distinction as an American character actor.

"The possibilities of this new type of combination drama are enormous," remarked Mr. Beban in a recent dressing-room chat. "We have the advantages of both the screen and the stage, and there is no doubt but what the former offers as many advantages, if not more than the latter."

"What is the chief advantage in the combination of the two?"

He paused for a moment and rubbed some cold-cream thoughtfully across his brow and into the swarthy grease-paint that turns this Scotch-Irish-Austro-American into a "dago" of the deepest dye.



Moffett

BEATRICE ALLEN APPEARING IN "ALL OVER TOWN"

"That's a very hard question," he replied finally, "and I shouldn't really try to answer it at all. The advantages of the combination lie primarily in the advantages of each taken individually. It might be said, though, that the combination brings one great and unusual element into play. When the actors appear in person after having been seen on the screen, they appear to the audience in the light of old friends, and as a result there is a warm spirit of intimacy created between the players and the audience. The motion picture player is to the public a mysterious phantom sort of being—a person who exists for them only in the shadow on the screen, and there always seems to be considerable fascination about seeing him in the flesh. When John Bunny walked along the streets the police often had to clear the way, owing to the curious crowd of onlookers who wanted a glimpse of the comedian as he was in real life."

"Acting in this manner must bring out very clearly the difference in playing for the stage and for the screen," I suggested.

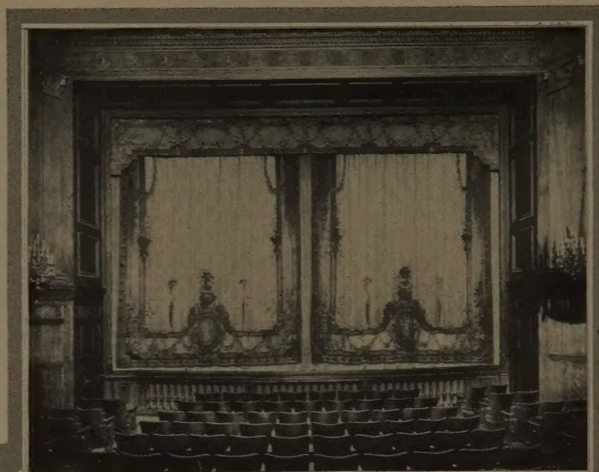
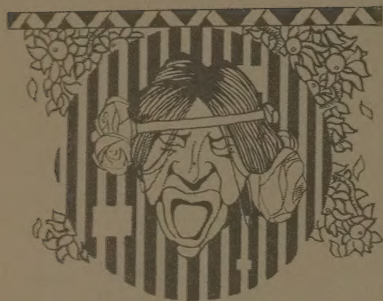
"Yes, it does. And the main difference lies in the fact that on the stage it is the voice which expresses thought and emotion, while on the screen it is the face. I like working for pictures for just that reason. As a character actor I find that my 'business' is best delivered by the face, and the close-up of the screen is a remarkable aid in showing up expres-

sion. It shows the face many times larger than it is—as though it were under a microscope, and every little wrinkle can be utilized in 'getting over' some dramatic pantomime.

"Another distinct advantage of the screen, and perhaps the principal reason why I believe it will be made much of in the drama of the future, is its *true* realism. The motion picture has spoiled the public by its real thrills. The clap-trap devices of the stage-carpenter are unsatisfactory now that the remarkable effects obtained for the cinematograph have made the same effects as true as life itself.

"In 'The Alien,' for instance, Rosa, the little daughter of Pietro, is run over by an automobile and killed. In 'The Sign of the Rose,' on which 'The Alien' was based, the same accident was supposed to occur, but we were limited to telling about it. In 'The Alien' we showed that scene—showed it with such realism that, time and time again, I have heard shrieks come from the audience as that fast moving machine skidded through the wet street and hurled the little girl thirty feet away. It was imperative that sympathy be developed for the child's father—and I need hardly dwell on whether more vital effect was had on the audience by showing the tragedy rather than merely telling about it."

ORSON MERIDEN.



Interior of the Punch & Judy Theatre

Johnston-Hewitt Studio
Curtain and proscenium of the Little Theatre, New York

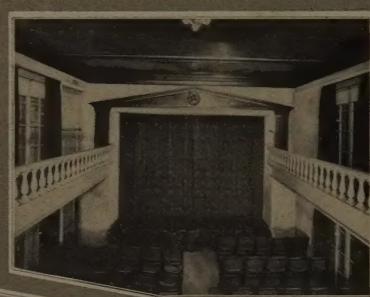
On Little Theatres

THE rapid multiplication of so-called little theatres makes pertinent a consideration of what seems or promises to be

sive, but are open at reasonable prices to anyone who cares to attend.

their function in the theatrical world. These little theatres are not to be confounded with playhouses which, like the Princess or Mr. Ames' in Forty-fourth St., New York, are little only in a literal sense. Those properly called "Little" are so rather in the sense of managerial policy than of physical size, for example, the Little Theatres of Chicago and Philadelphia and the Toy in Boston. There are already some seven or eight of this type, and a few of them have been operating long enough for one to determine their apparent significance not so much in relation to our contemporary stage, where the effect is not yet appreciable, as to our changing American drama.

The purpose of the Little Theatre is uniformly, the production of interesting plays, past and present, of native and foreign authorship, which seldom or never find their way to our regular "commercialized" stage. Preference is given to "poetic, imaginative and plastic drama, dealing primarily, whether as tragedy or as comedy, with character in action." Amateurs, semi-professionals, and occasionally professionals comprise the companies. The personnel of the audiences varies with the different theatres. The Boston Toy, in its new and larger auditorium, has this past winter drawn the greater part of its audience from the regular playgoing public. Elsewhere, where the auditoriums are small and the chosen plays are of less attractive nature to the ordinary playgoer than those mounted at the Toy this last season, the organizations depend for support upon subscribers who are sufficiently interested in seeing unusual plays produced to pay excessively for the pleasure and to meet the inevitable deficit. The performances are nowhere exclu-



Little Theatre, Philadelphia

Especially is this true in Chicago, whose Little Theatre, having been cleared of its debt and placed upon an endowment reserve fund, is now enabled to offer most attractive prices.

Byron
Bramhall
Playhouse

Since the little theatres are therefore absolved in large part from financial responsibility it would seem that they have their present justification only in their artistic results, that is, in the worth of the plays they produce. A glance at the productions of the Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston organizations in the last two or three years discloses an amazing variety of plays, most of them the earlier works of the best contemporary European and American dramatists.

White
Exterior of the Bandbox
Theatre

Many of the productions have been notable scenically, the newer German and English stagecraft having been

experimented with. But there is a growing feeling among those who are guiding the destinies of these theatres that justification on this ground alone is insufficient, if it is justification at all. They believe that the real and ultimate justification lies, not in preying ghoulishly upon the wealth of the past, but in stimulating and building up an indigenous American drama.

To some extent America is

Brown Bros.
Exterior of the Punch & Judy TheatrePhoto Tebbs
Exterior of the Little Theatre, New York

to-day in the same dramatic ferment that Europe was in in that marvellously fertile decade, 1890-1900, which gave the world the dramatists who have been leading it ever since. Never before in America has interest in the theatre been so general and so keen, and it is not a mere curiosity about the theatre, but a real, creative interest in it. The situation was very similar in Europe fifteen to twenty-five years ago. There was at that time, as there seems to be now in America, a surplus of dramatic energy. But how was it expended? In writing for the regular stage of the time? No! The contemporary stage did not want the work of the younger writers. It insisted upon its traditions and maintained them to the exclusion of the younger writers. Tchekov took refuge in the Moscow Art Theatre when he could not find a hearing for his plays in any of the regular theatres. Hauptmann and Sudermann found encouragement almost solely from the Freie Bühne in Berlin. A single man, the perspicacious and fearless Antoine, at his Théâtre Libre, in Paris, ushered in virtually the whole new school of French playwrights, notably Brieux. It was the London Stage Society and the Court Theatre that discovered and disclosed Barker, Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy, Masefield, and Bennett. Yeats and Lady Gregory were working under incredible handicap to establish an Irish school in Dublin—to have their work immortalized in Synge. And, more recently, it was Miss Horniman, at her Manchester Theatre, who brought out Stanley Houghton. Save Pinero and Jones, the former of whom was interested in the London Stage Society, and a few of less note on the Continent, who of the contributors to the regular stage of the period is any longer even remembered? The cradle of the whole contemporary European school of dramatists was not the regular, commercial stage, but semi-private and downright amateur organizations of persons sincerely interested in the future of the drama, who cared more for nurturing it into health and hardihood than for reaping fortunes from their endeavors.

In mounting interesting and unusual plays which scarcely find production on the "commercialized" stage, our little theatres are fulfilling the purpose of their founders and titillating the palates of their subscribing clientèle. But is this enough? Is it sufficient that they be only ephemeral pastimes of dilettantes of the theatre? Why should they not contribute something? Why should not our little theatres to-day be the experimental laboratories for the coming American drama, just as the numerous organizations abroad were in those prolific closing years of the last century?

It is contended that there is no need of such theatres in America just now—that the regular stage offers sufficient opportunities to the young writer, and that, anyhow, the American drama is not at present in such a transitional state as to require

cultivation semi-privately in theatres that are untrammelled by traditions of "what the public wants." The first part of the contention may be readily vitiated. Admittedly there has never yet been a time when playwrights could so easily get their plays read; but never yet has there been a time when it was more difficult to get a play produced which did not give every promise of success on Broadway. And as for the second part of the contention, every one intimately acquainted with dramatic history must recognize its fundamental fallacy. The drama is not and never has been static. It is, by its very nature, continuously in flux. The technique of yesterday is not that of to-day, nor that of to-day the technique of to-morrow. If we cannot at any one time see the transitional qualities of our native drama it is because of our proximity. Time alone gives perspective. Assuredly, though, we are now evolving a technique for our indigenous dramatic expression. Whether we are at its be-

ginning or near its crest we cannot now tell. It is not the technique of the merely narrative and ingenuously naturalistic Russian school; nor that of the garrulous and gloomy Germans; nor the super-refined, almost *précieuse* technique of the French; nor the subtlety of the English, but a style of our own, freed from foreign influences, particularly adapted to our American temperament.

To some extent these conditions have been appreciated, and one and another of our little theatres has incorporated the experimental laboratory idea into its policy. The Chicago Little Theatre announces itself as a "repertory and experimental producing art theatre, presenting classical and modern drama, both tragedy and comedy. . . . The policy of the directors favors a continually increasing production of new and unacted plays. . . . Its object is the creation of a new plastic and rhythmic drama in America." In each of its three seasons there has been a generous and increasing

number of plays by native writers, a few having been produced for the first time on any stage. At the Philadelphia and Boston institutions there has been some equally good work. And two recent organizations in New York, the Neighborhood Players, and the Washington Square Players, promise similar results.

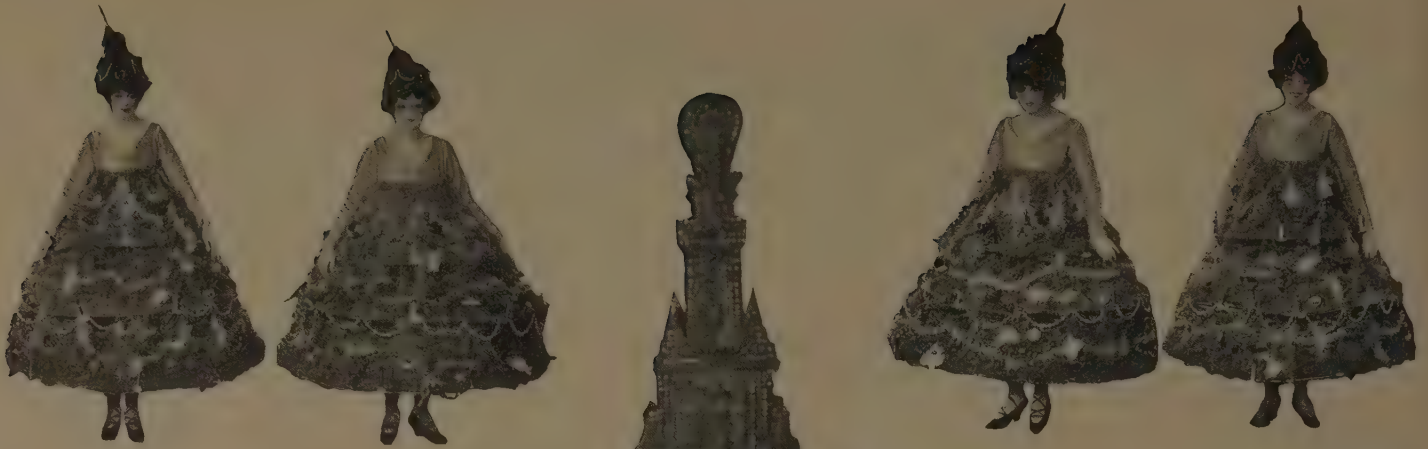
The little theatres are peculiarly adapted to dramatic experimentation. Their audiences are intelligently and sympathetically interested in the drama, and they possess the critical acumen, without the hasty intolerance of the ordinary playgoer, which is indispensable in stimulating and guiding the young playwright. They are keenly alert to discover new writers of ability, and they frequently find quite as much pleasure in discovering new talent as in witnessing an unusually interesting play. And many members of these audiences are philanthropic enough to meet economic deficits when their intellectual pleasures compensate. Roughly speaking, the audiences at the Neighborhood Playhouse or the Bandbox are not unlike those that gathered in the Freie Bühne, the Théâtre Libre, or the Abbey Theatre twenty years ago; nor are those of the Chicago and Philadelphia Little Theatres unlike those of the London Stage Society.



Sarony

JEAN BARNETT

In the "Ziegfeld Follies" at the New Amsterdam



IF the "Follies" of 1915 had nothing else to commend it to the playgoing public than the admirable scenery painted by that remarkable Viennese artist, Joseph Urban (whose work will be described at greater length in our September issue), it would alone be worth



Photos White

KAY LAURELL AS PEACE

the Year," while the same Ina Claire, looking decidedly demure, contributes a very clever imitation of Frances Starr as Marie-Odile. It would be too long to enumerate all the other artists who have helped the "Follies" of 1915 on the road to success, but Bert Williams, Leon Errol, Will West

while, but the production has a great many other merits. The "Follies" is a huge vaudeville show with catchy music and dancing the main factors. All New York is now whistling "*Hello, Frisco,*" the duet sung with a great deal of vim by Ina Claire and Bernard Granville, the latter being also entrusted with another good song entitled, "*I Want a Girl for Every Month of*

and Ed Wynn are all very funny. Special mention should also be made of the staging of a play done in moving pictures while Ed Wynn is directing the rehearsal from one of the orchestra chairs, and also the clever juggling of W. C. Fields, a juggler with a real sense of humor. The chorus, as usual, is composed of a bevy of American beauties.



THE RADIUM NUMBER

A particularly striking scene where innumerable girls dressed in white emerge from a background of black velvet.

SCENES IN THE "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES" NOW AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

New York's Understudy Club

An interesting account of an almost entirely unknown institution in the theatrical world

Gilbert & Bacon
MARTA SPEERS

White
MABEL ACKER



Matzene
GRACE VALENTINE



White
LINDA BOLTON



JANE WHEATLEY

EVERY Saturday night, in a secluded little restaurant, within a stone's throw of Broadway, there gathers a club of young women. They have no constitution, no by-laws, no president. They meet to eat and talk over their experiences, and incidentally to plan some method by which their names and talents, may be brought before the public. They are not press agents; they are actresses engaged for the season and yet never able to act. They may be in a play for months and the public is no more aware of that fact than of their names or their ability. They hold a unique position in the theatrical world. They are necessary to every play and yet the manager who engages them fervently prays that they may never have to go on. At the same time he will admit they are good actresses, but that is not what they are engaged for. They are engaged to be "Understudies," and their status is nil.

A short time ago six young women in New York got together and organized what is known as the "Only Their Understudies Club." All of these young women are actresses who have established their right to the sock and buskin and all of them are clamoring at the gate of stardom. They are, for the time being, in the unenviable predicament of actresses with a part, and yet without a part. They are the necessary supernumeraries who are not content with the lesser fame but want the greatest—and to that end they are forced to become important non-entities, disciples of Chance, specialists without a specialty.

This club was founded by Mrs. Charles Hopkins, formerly Violet Vivian, who was recently leading woman in "The Clever Ones," at the Punch and Judy Theatre. The purpose is to give its members more publicity than they are able to get at present, so that when an understudy jumps into a principal rôle she won't be entirely unknown.

The understudy's life and its tribulations are almost a closed volume to the public in general. To attain the greater goal they have, temporarily, to submit themselves to the ignominy of the unknown, the unsung. For a time they become pure mimics. They are paid to give as near an imitation of the star as possible, and this requires not only an acting of the lines of the play, but an acting of those lines as they are portrayed by someone else.

"It may be quite natural, Miss Jones," the stage director will remark, "for you to step briskly from the entrance to that chair, but you must have noticed that Madame Lawrence walks very languidly and has a habit of dragging one foot after the other. Please go over that part again."

Miss Jones, the understudy, goes over the part again, until she can give a correct imitation of the languidly moving star. It may be quite contrary to Miss Jones' conception of the part,

and it is even possible that the slow dragging of one foot after the other is extremely awkward and difficult for her; but it is not her's to reason why. She is paid to understudy Madame Lawrence and her salary depends upon how closely she can reflect the actions, the mannerisms, and the interpretation of the leading lady.

All during the weeks and months of rehearsing for the new play the understudy sits in the chilly auditorium and watches and studies. She has a pad and pencil handy and she occasionally jots down notes like the following:

SECOND ACT

1. Manner composed at entrance.... Sight of Duke—smile. Note has been discovered....nervousness registered by spilling wine glass—two attempts to light cigarette—discard immediately.

2. Adjust hair as Duke explains—right hand.... Extend left hand and gaze at ring. "And you believe that," etc. (rising inflection).

3. Etc., etc.

After the regular rehearsal is over the understudy is called up for special instruction. She is put through the part, oftentimes going over scenes with other members of the cast, until she is practically the shadowy reflection of the star herself, in the slightest movements and action. She makes a duplicate of the leading lady's characterization so that when the unexpected happens she may fit into the part without friction and without disturbing the even tenor of the play. If she has a creative instinct she must stifle it, or forget it, or give up her job. Those are the rules of the game. If she is wise, however, she doesn't entirely give up her creative genius as some day she will occupy the star's dressing room and someone else will be sitting out front taking notes on her own peculiarities and mannerisms.

"Understudying sounds rather tame and insignificant," smiled one young lady, who is herself enrolled in the legion, "but take it from headquarters, it's a nerve-racking job."

When the play opens the understudy has to be present at every performance, at first remaining throughout the play, but later on, when everything seems to be going well, she may leave the theatre after the first act and put in her time as she chooses. Always, however, she must be accessible by phone or messenger, as no one can foresee at what moment the unexpected will happen. She may barely have settled herself for a quiet afternoon's reading when the telephone will ring and the frantic voice of the manager will inform her that the leading lady has suddenly become ill, or temperamental, or broken her neck, or something equally as disastrous. She must dress, jump in a taxi, break the speed laws, and be in the wings ready to go on, twenty minutes from the time the phone rang. And then comes the horrible fear that something may go wrong at the last minute;

that she may forget her lines, disremember some important piece of "business," stumble over her train, or have an attack of "nerves." But in spite of her handicaps this is the opportunity that she has been waiting for. Her existence is justified by what she does with the chance when she gets it.

Miss Ethel Wright stood in the wings on the opening night of the Broadway success, "The Law of the Land," and watched Miss Julia Dean make her tremendous hit. Miss Wright was Miss Dean's understudy and she followed the star's every familiar move and gesture as though she were unconsciously helping in that success herself. The following night the performance went off with the same notable success, and the next night, and the next. The play had come to stay and Miss Wright settled down to wait, and watch, and be ready.

On Monday night of the third week of the run Miss Wright appeared at the theatre at the usual time and seeing that everyone was there and that Miss Dean was in her dressing room getting ready for the first act she strolled out into the auditorium and took a seat in the rear of the theatre. The first act began but to her surprise Miss Wright noticed that Miss Dean did not play with her usual animation. She seemed tired and disconcerted. Miss Wright had just made up her mind that she had better go back to the dressing rooms again and find out what the trouble was, when the manager tapped her on the shoulder and beckoned her to hurry. Miss Dean had not been feeling well that afternoon but had been determined to go on that evening. She had overestimated her strength, however, and was now in no condition to continue the performance.

Miss Wright flew into her dressing room and scrambled into her costume and make-up, while Miss Dean struggled through her scene on the stage. In fifteen minutes the understudy was ready to go on and fulfill her reason for existence. She hastily ran over the lines and cues in her mind, and when Miss Dean made her exit Miss Wright was ready to take up her next entrance. She went on and played through the rest of the first act and the rest of the play, with the exception of one big emotional scene which Miss Dean insisted upon doing in spite of her weakened condition.

The case of Miss Wright is illustrative of the unexpected contingencies which sometimes arise and the understudy's part in bringing them to a happy conclusion. But although Miss

Wright was understudying Miss Julia Dean, and although she played her part admirably, her reputation was more or less established before she suddenly swam into the limelight. It was not so in the case of Phyllis Partington, a young novice who was understudy to Marguerite Sylva in the operetta "Gypsy Love." The new piece had been given one or two preliminary

performances on the road and had finally arrived for its première production on Broadway. Miss Sylva, who sang the leading rôle, was a star of the first magnitude. She had sung in opera in Paris and at the Manhattan in New York, and was looking forward to a triumphant run in the metropolis.

The night the operetta was to open in New York Miss Partington, a slim, delicate girl, who had followed Miss Sylva's wonderful success on the road, sat gloomily on a trunk in her dressing room and wondered if understudying was really all

it was cracked up to be. She had studied patiently and painstakingly for years to cultivate her voice and now it seemed that the moment she had been longing for was farther off than ever. Miss Sylva was such a tremendous success and so very dependable.

Everything was hurry and bustle and excitement as it always is on an opening night, and the time came for the curtain to rise. But Fate had been juggling matters after his own fickle fashion, and it chanced that the dependable Marguerite Sylva, who had never known a sick moment in her life, was to come down with a case of tonsillitis. All day long she had noticed an uncomfortable contraction of her throat, and a few minutes before the curtain rose on the first act she realized that she was suffering from a severe case of tonsillitis.

After an opening

song or two Miss Sylva knew that it would be impossible to go on, and the despondent Miss Partington almost had heart failure when the news was rushed in to her via a wildly dishevelled and chagrined stage manager.

Phyllis Partington got ready and went on. It was her big chance and she knew it. All the long years of hard grinding and



Photos White

ETHEL M. SYKES



GLADYS M. SYKES

The Misses Sykes have been appearing this past season in "Watch Your Step" at the New Amsterdam. They have also been seen in film plays, and next season will appear in one of C. B. Dillingham's productions.



Underwood & Underwood

JULIA DEAN

This popular star appeared recently in George Broadhurst's play "The Law of the Land"

study must show now. She sang and she danced and she sang, as she had never sung before, not even when closeted in her own little boarding-house room. It was a revelation for blasé old New York. The audience was enchanted, they encored her and "bravoed" her, and they made her appear again and again. Miss Partington, the understudy, had made a hit, and Marguerite Sylva, standing in the wings, was the first to applaud. Miss Partington finished the season in "Gypsy Love," and Miss Sylva soon went back to Europe and sang in opera in Germany.

It was a queer twist of the unexpected which put Miss Jane Wheatley on Broadway. She had been understudying Miss Helen

Lackaye, who was playing one of the principal parts in "On Trial," The management decided to organize a Chicago company for the production, and Miss Wheatley was given the rôle in the new company that she had been understudying in the old. Four days before they were to leave for Chicago Miss Lackaye was suddenly taken ill, and Miss Wheatley took her place. The illness of the former kept her in bed for over a week, and in the meantime Miss Wheatley had made a very favorable impression in the part. The upshot of the matter was that Miss Wheatley remained in New York and Miss Lackaye went to Chicago with the new company.



Gown by Kurzmann

Gown by Frances

The occasions which suddenly loom out of nowhere to upset the dramatic kettle and make it immediately necessary to stir in a waiting understudy are as diversified as Fate itself. One afternoon, just a short time before the rising of the curtain on a matinée performance of "Twin Beds," Miss Ray Cox, playing one of the leading rôles, received a telegram announcing the death of her mother. Inasmuch as the management had not considered it necessary to understudy Miss Cox, as she is a very dependable young lady, the sudden necessity for providing a substitute caused a small revolution. Miss Mabel Acker, who had been playing a part in many of the same scenes with Miss Cox, volunteered to try and carry through the rôle. But this left a vacancy in Miss Acker's place which would have to be filled. Miss Marta Speers, a talented young actress, who holds the difficult position of being general understudy to all of the Selwyn & Company productions, was rushed over from the Cort Theatre, where she had a minor part in "Under Cover." She was told she would have to be ready to go on in Miss Acker's part at once, and she slipped into the latter's costume, which, with a few tucks and pinning, fitted her acceptably.

While the matinée audience was filling the theatre and the orchestra was playing, preliminary to the rising of the curtain, Miss Acker and Miss Speers were racing through their new parts, getting used to their new gowns, harkening to advice from the stage director, and trying to think themselves into their rôles, all at once and the same time. Both went on and did their parts

splendidly, establishing beyond doubt their qualifications for stardom, now or in the near future.

The experience of Miss Grace Valentine, understudy for Irene Fenwick in "The Song of Songs," illustrates yet another side of the trials and tribulations of the professional substitute. Miss Valentine is a charming and talented young woman who has played with Oliver Morosco in the West, and recently took the lead in "Help Wanted" in Chicago. But like all the rest of the ambitious ones, she eventually migrated to the "Great White Way" to try for fame and fortune.

"I didn't hear anyone calling me when I came to New York," smiled Miss Valentine, "and I took what I could get. A girl can wish herself into the poorhouse this year without half trying."

Miss Fenwick's rôle in the "Song of Songs" is a very difficult part to understudy, as it is psychological to a large extent, and is developed very minutely and very carefully. Miss Valentine liked the part and she put many long, weary hours to its study and mastery. "I almost wish sometimes that something would happen to Miss Fenwick," confided Miss Valentine. "I'm in love with the part." But in spite of all her study and work, the days, the weeks, and the months, came and went, and she finally decided that she had about worn out her nerves and her disposition watching, waiting and worrying. That is one of the most irritating parts of being an understudy. You're never sure at what moment the unexpected is going to come knocking at your door, and you have to be ready every

(Continued on page 91)

Vicissitudes of a Playwright—No. 4: Porter Emerson Browne

A FOOL THERE WAS" placed the name of Porter Emerson Browne on the roster of young American playwrights who had "arrived." Theatrical fame, in this instance, came almost over night, and the play, popular from the start, soon brought the author royalties running as high as \$3,500 a week. But Mr. Browne's sudden success was really not so sudden at all. As a matter of fact, he had been undergoing a severe and frequently uncomfortable training for many years, and when the opportunity came, when Robert Hilliard suggested turning Kipling's "Vampire" into a play, he was prepared by a long period of practical literary experience in which the writing of plays and vaudeville sketches had figured.

When Mr. Browne is not at his home in Norwalk, Conn., or superintending the rehearsals of a new production, he probably will be found at the Lambs' Club, and there it was that he explained how he came to be a playwright. In conversation he is an emphatic, determined man, suggesting a good deal of ambition and the force to keep everlastingly working. Had he chosen trade instead of the stage, it would be natural to pick him out as the head of an aggressive concern where everybody worked ten hours a day.

The story of the trials and ultimate success of this dramatist needs the perspective of happenings in the town of Beverly, Mass., in 1880. They helped to form character, and without character—meaning bulldog tenacity this time—the chances of selling plays are not alluring.

"In 1880," said Mr. Browne, "my father, Joseph Emerson Browne, wrote and sold 'Edgeworth Folks,' a drama Sol Smith Russell had urged him to construct from Civil War stories he had published from time to time in *The True Flag*, an old Boston newspaper. The play went very well for those days, and the author's returns were approximately thirty dollars a week. He had a mercantile business and a family to support, and naturally could not drop the business for the meagre returns of a playwright; but his heart was in writing. As a young boy I was keenly impressed by my father's dilemma. Gradually, authors were receiving better returns for their work, and every once in awhile he would talk about writing another play, but he had lost the knack; he had become irrevocably a business man.

"I was old enough to appreciate the feeling that went into the regret, 'If only I had stuck to writing plays I might have accomplished something good.' I grew up with the notion that writing was the big career ahead of me, and that I, at least, would not sacrifice it to drygoods."

Mr. Browne did not bother to comment on the oddity of being a playwright, who, instead of surviving an antagonistic home environment in sensitive youth, had actually been inspired to profit by the example of his father and not follow in his footsteps. Nobody tried to mould him into anything in particular, so he



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PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Author of "A Fool There Was," "The Spendthrift," etc.

grew up with the settled conviction that he was going to write. Without that his first play might never have reached paper, let alone the stage.

Grammar, high school, and then an opportunity to go to Harvard, but Porter Emerson did not take it, because he wanted to get out of New England. First-hand experience in a big city loomed larger than four years of college training, and he found the experience as a cub reporter on the *Standard Union* of Brooklyn. His greatest asset at that time was a suit of clothes fresh from a Beverly tailor.

"That suit gave me the opportunity to develop," Mr. Browne explained. "Eight dollars a week was considered enough for the living expenses of a young reporter. When they took me

on the staff the wardrobes of the older men were much in need of repair, and the city editor picked me out as the most presentable reporter for interviews with big men, for political banquets, for society affairs, for everything, in fact, that called for a spruce appearance.

"And you began to write plays then," it was suggested.

"No, but I was digesting material for stories and plays and learning to be a real newspaper man. Later on I did special work for a number of publications, among them the *Boston Post* and the *Boston Transcript*, and then, owing to poor health, I was forced to go South. I lived on a plantation, and for three years wrote short stories without selling one."

It is worth noting that Mr. Browne did not develop a bitterness against editors during those years. He did not decide that his ideas were too big, his treatment of them too artistic for a commercialized market. On the other hand, he thanks editors, one in particular, for pointing out defects and showing him how they might be overcome. Likewise, he harbors no ill-feeling against theatrical producers, although he has not quite forgotten the fate of a play that remained in the office of a manager for thirteen months before being returned to its author with the seal unbroken. Happenings of this kind, Mr. Browne will tell you, are rare.

The three lean years of patient work on the Southern rice plantation had a direct bearing on the writing of "A Fool There Was." They transformed a newspaper man into a successful fiction writer; they taught him how to present his ideas in readable form; they revealed the value of persistency and of profiting by the suggestions of men with a more thorough knowledge of technical requirements.

"My friendship with Robert Hilliard was directly attributable to a story printed in *Collier's*," Mr. Browne went on. "He sent me a note stating that the tale appealed to him strongly, and the upshot of a brief correspondence was our meeting and the suggestion that I write a play for him. One evening, in the spring of 1908, we were seated in his apartments in the Hotel Somerset. Hilliard was talking casually,

(Continued on page 93)

Unto the Fourth Generation of Players

Georgie Drew Mendum, descendant of the famous Drews who has inherited the spirit of comedy of that Thespian family



GEORGIE DREW MENDUM
In "The Girl Question"

THE Drew family are the Vere de Veres of the stage. Georgie Drew Mendum is of the fourth generation of that Thespian family, and some have dared to say there is in the present generation of the many actored family none cleverer than she. Of her the late Joseph Jefferson said: "She is Mrs. Drew's own granddaughter. I hope I shall live to see her play Mrs. Malaprop." He said to her: "You have the brightest jewel in an actor's crown, the spirit of comedy."

Miss Mendum, who created the title rôle in "A Modern Eve," in which she recently appeared at the Casino, has inherited Drew characteristics and acquired Drew methods. A precept of her illustrious grandmother's she has translated into every performance of hers, from her maid's rôle with Annie Russell in "Catherine" to her title rôle interpretation of "A Modern Eve."

"When you go on the stage remember that the audience never heard the line before. You have been hearing it and been speaking it for three or four weeks, but the people in front haven't. And they have a right to hear what you say."

No most captious person, making critical measure of her from the auditorium, ever complained that this daughter of the Drews ever muffed her lines. They come clear and distinct from her lips as new coined gold.

She has the Drew eyes and employs them according to the Drew methods, the methods, in the main, of comedy. There's a hint, too, of the one-time Drew characteristic, that still inheres in her cousin, Ethel Barrymore, of dragging speech. Yet she delivers her speeches with all the propulsive power of her cousin, Louise Drew, and the significant pauses of her uncle, John Drew.

Physically she bears no challenging resemblance to the last generation of the old family of actors. By one of the capricious tricks of nature she is of physique and physical traits more like her aunt, Georgie Drew Barrymore, than is that brilliant comedienne's daughter, Ethel Barrymore. A few ancient folk, last leaves on the bare tree of other generations find in her facial resemblance and mannered reminiscence of her grand-

father, John Drew. Visible in her, they assert, are the rounded profile and the engaging insouciance of the ancestor who was an Irish singing comedian, a Billy Scanlan of his time.

Miss Mendum is the daughter of Louisa Drew, characterized by those who do not know as "the only child of Mrs. John Drew who never went on the stage." Her daughter corrects this impression by a characteristic speech.

"My mother was on the stage, but only for a few minutes. She had evinced comedy gifts. But she married when she was seventeen, and she had three children. They kept her busy in a constant rehearsal of life. And she died while we were very young."

Louisa Drew chose for a husband Charles Mendum, then a theatrical manager. Their abode was Boston. That was the birthplace of the Modern Eve. At two years of age she evinced a trait which we will call firmness of will and tenacity of purpose. Noting these her father bestowed upon her an after christening title. "Let us call her Budge because she wont," he said, a suggestion speedily adopted by the family unto the last Drew ramification.

At four she displayed the spirit of comedy which after a decade or more was to register in the appreciative consciousness of Joseph Jefferson. It was discovered in an ante-climax of an emotional storm that approached to tragedy in the family.

"Budge is lost!" wailed her mother.

"Budge lost!" sternly but feelingly exclaimed her father.

"Budgie done away!" lisped her baby brother.

Agitated conferences in staccato notes followed a second search of the cellar and preceded a third exploration of the attic. It was the excited consensus of family opinion that an appeal be at once made to the police. In the course of his start to the execution of this plan her father opened a

pantry door. On the top shelf sat the four-year-old heiress of his fortunes. She had climbed to the top shelf and there for an hour of anguish to her family, and superlative satisfaction to herself, she had by blissful graduations emptied a jar of its interdicted brown sugar. Having heard the calls of the family



White
GEORGIE DREW MENDUM
In "A Modern Eve"



AN INTERESTING DREW-BARRYMORE GROUP
Georgie Drew Barrymore with her three children: Ethel, Lionel and Jack.

THEATRE MAGAZINE AUTOGRAPH GALLERY



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Very truly yours
John D. Dwyer

she had heeded them not, and the discovery of her she greeted with a deliberate and slowly executed wink.

"She has as good as made her début. We'll never be able to keep her off the stage. And it will be comedy," was her father's conclusion.

"My mother died when I was eight," Miss Mendum recalls. At the allusion one perceives how nearly tragic eyes that habitually reflect the spirit of comedy can become. "It made her going easier that Aunt Georgie was with her. She was playing in Boston and would be with us most of the time. She took charge of my mother, and one of my most vivid recollections is of her leaning over the sickbed, softly touching mother's hair and saying again and again, 'Lou, dear Lou!' Mother looked up at her with dimming eyes, but the eyes were happy because of her presence.

"Aunt Georgie was a presence that overflowed with vitality and good fellowship. She had a most complete understanding of everything in our child world. She was a grown-up of whom we were never afraid. Whatever we did, however fiendish it might seem to ordinary folk, we knew that our aunt would smile, and that that would close the incident."

The little half orphan was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart. There she remained until the monotony of her black-robed, pupil life was broken by a letter bidding her come to New York to spend the winter with her grandmother.

"We lived in a pleasant boarding house in the Eighties, near Central Park," Miss Mendum said. "I wish I had been older at that time that I might

have derived the full amount of inspiration from that winter with grandmother in New York. But I remember mistily that the time passed very pleasantly, and that it was a most unsatisfying sequel to have to go back to school. I recall that my province seemed to be divided between putting on grandmother's shoes and going to the theatre with her. I knew that I owed this post to the fact that my cousin Ethel had that season gone on the stage, I think in 'Rosemary' with Uncle Jack. Jack was in school and Lionel was playing. We went to a great many plays. Once I recall particularly, perhaps because grandmother vehemently declared that it was a good play, and didn't deserve its early death. It was 'The Arlesienne.' I remember, too, that we saw a drama in which Mary Shaw was appearing, and that grandmother said twice, half to herself and half to me, as we made our way home, 'Mary Shaw is a good actress.'

"She had a mass of live hair, so strong that it was almost

wire-like. I wanted to brush it for her. She permitted that office, sometimes, to please me, but it irked her. She was remarkably self-reliant and had cultivated none of the modern luxurious habits. Never would she permit anyone to dress her hair. She well knew how she wanted that done and everything else. Grandmother's was a most definite personality.

"My grandfather was young when he died. My mother was only twelve at the time. But I have often heard my grand-

mother tell how fine an actor he was, and how he returned from a trip around the world in time to help her manage the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia and retrieve its fortunes. She used to look fixedly at me at times and say, 'Child, you're very much like your grandfather, very.' Grandmother Drew was a woman of strong will and independent intellect. Yet she was a stickler for some of the little conventions that I thought decidedly irritating. For instance, I had always and have always disliked gloves. My hands feel imprisoned in them. When I am in evening attire I carry a pair to show that I have them. Grandmother was at great pains to keep my gloves on that winter we spent together in New York. When I had gone back to Boston she wrote me, enclosing a two-dollar bill. 'Get yourself a pair of gloves with this,' she commanded, 'and be sure you wear them.'

"She was straight and sturdy, and death seemed a long way off at that time. Yet her death occurred a few months later. She had gone to Larchmont for a visit, and while there death came suddenly upon her.

"I have the faintest recollection of my great-grandmother, Eliza Kin-

loch. The family tell me I could not, but I am positive of it. I remember how straight and imposing she stood. She lived to the age of ninety."

After Miss Mendum's début in "Catherine," she played a small part in her uncle's company in "Richard Carvel." With less than two seasons behind her, Joseph Jefferson selected her as his leading woman in his company made up largely of members of his own family. She was Dot in "The Cricket on the Hearth" and Lydia Languish in "The Rivals." The part of Lydia was an exasperating one to her. That may have caused her tongue to become a two-edged sword one night when she came off stage and upon Mr. Jefferson, who had sat in the wings passing a wait in amiable chat.

"I wish you wouldn't talk during my scenes," she requested, with spirit.

"You are quite right, my child."

(Continued on page 91)



White

FLORENCE ROCKWELL

As Miss Starvation in Marion Short's morality playlet "Her Awakening" in vaudeville

Paris Theatres Reopening

In spite of Taube and Zeppelin raids and a powerful enemy ninety minutes' automobile ride from its heart, the French capital is reawakening, and many play-houses that have remained closed for months have opened their doors again.

THEATRICAL life in Paris is reawakening. The doors that for so long remained shut have opened again.

The cinema was the first to be resurrected, for the "film drama" will not die. Then came the music halls and the cabarets. Enthoven, a Belgian, most amusing of comedians, reinstated himself on the Butte of Montmartre and gathered round him old comrades such as Vincent Hyspa, Victor Tourtal, Paul Weil, Clermont, Jean Deyrmon. Fursy invented fresh invectives against the "Boches"; Mayol sang of the "poilus" in the trenches, and Mademoiselle Marguerite Deval bathed her voice in tears when she sang Michel Carré's *Songs of Alsace*. Dominique Bonmaud, from the battlefield, sent rhymed couplets to Lucien Boyer for the revue "Les Huns...et les autres" at the Théâtre Antoine.

The wartime *revue* has a *genre* of its own and flourishes everywhere. Dance, drama, vaudeville, pantomime, a little operette, a little heroism, military marches and reminiscences of the tango, with the strains of the *Marseillaise* playing hide and seek with the orchestral score. A little of everything to please and nothing to offend even the most fastidious taste.

Journalism applied to stage spectacles brings the *revues* up-to-date from day to day. A scene representing a Taube over Paris was replaced by a Zeppelin a few hours after the big gas bag floated towards the Ville Lumière. Is there any city in the world, excepting Paris, which could mock and laugh with a powerful enemy ninety minutes' automobile ride from its heart?

Encouraged by the success of the music halls the Odéon, Porte Saint Martin, Ambigu, Châtelet, Vaudeville and Grand Guignol put out notices of shows famous in their respective repertoires. The Comédie Française hoisted its flag and mobilized the works of Corneille, Racine, Marivaux, Victor Hugo, Musset and Molière. Between two acts of comedy or tragedy a patriotic sandwich is provided, which is always to the taste of the audience.



Le Théâtre du Châtelet



Copyright Roehlitz

SARAH BERNHARDT

The world's greatest living actress who has just suffered the loss of her leg by amputation, will begin another American tour next month. She opens at the New Amsterdam Theatre on September 20th, the New York season being followed by a tour of the principal cities. The repertoire will be composed of the following plays: "Jeanne Doré," by Tristan Bernard; "Madame X"; Victor Hugo's "Lucretia Borgia"; "Camille"; "Phèdre"; "La Mort de Tintagile," by Maurice Maeterlinck, and "Resurrection," by Bataille. The last two plays, with "Jeanne Doré," are new in Madame Bernhardt's repertoire.

Standing alone amidst the forest of revivals is a new play by Sacha Guitry, wherein the author acts the part of the hero and, as always, does it very well. And that the play takes us back to the good old times prior to the war is all in its favor.

"Jalousie" carries the plot in its title: it is a little French love story, finely sketched and delicately acted—a little gem. The plot is:

Albert Blondel leaves his mistress's flat at a late hour to regain his own dovecot. To explain his tardiness he has purchased a little present for his wife from the jeweller. He has forgotten to have the initials put on the case, but arranges with himself to have this remedied the next day. Albert comes home joyfully, happy to have found such a brilliant excuse—and finds his wife has not yet arrived home. At once he has pangs of jealousy. Is the deceived wife deceiving her husband? She comes and is at once put through a cross-examination. Tears and still more tears, all to no purpose. She pleads that she was ar-

ranging a surprise for Albert, but this does not pacify the irate man. Presents from the jeweller are good for deceived wives but of no use to betrayed husbands.

In the course of conversation the wife mentions the name Lézignan, a famous novelist. Albert rushes off on what he thinks is the track of his rival. In the next act Albert has arrived at the novelist's flat and is questioning him. He learns nothing, and just when he is completely non-plussed the wife arrives. More reproaches. She states that she has come in connection with the surprise: the Legion

(Continued on page 91)



Exterior of the house which is in the Queen Anne style of architecture.

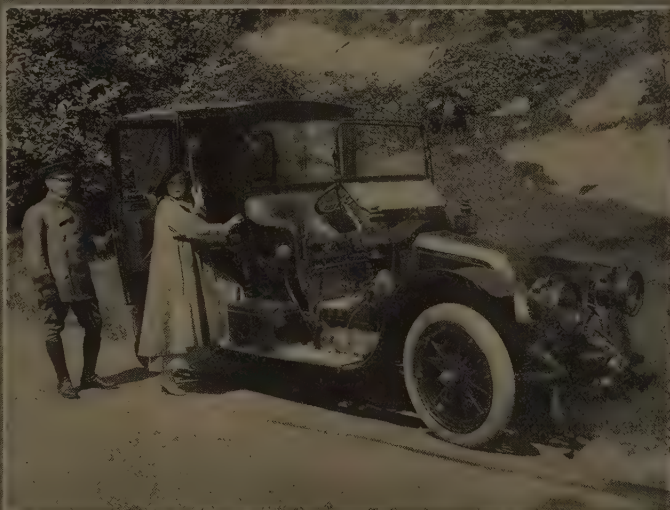
**BEAUTIFUL HOME OF MISS ANN MURDOCK AT LAWRENCE PARK,
BRONXVILLE, N. Y.**

Photos Byron

Taken specially for the Theatre Magazine



A corner of the reception room, one of the most attractive parts of the house.



Miss Murdock, who is an enthusiastic automobilist, about to take an afternoon spin in her Renault car.

The home of Miss Ann Murdock is of infinite charm. It has what is so often lacking—a note of personality. The reception room contains furniture of different periods from Louis XV chairs and sofa to a Napoleonic desk and an ultra modern Victrola.



Greeting a friend.

A corner of the bedroom.

Veranda and rear of the house.

The Library is a huge room with a very high ceiling. This is the artist's preferred room and here she reads and studies her new rôles. It is treated in white enamel and Gobelin blue. A large monumental desk occupies a corner, while a roomy sofa invites you to sit by the fireside.



Library and Music Room.

Here and there on the book cases is a collection of bric-a-brac, including some old swords, poignards and pistols. The general impression of the room is of great luxury and comfort.



Poster by Helen Dryden

The New Theatrical Poster

THE poster is to the producer what the shop-window is to the merchant—a display of theatrical wares in startling color schemes and with originality or humor of design, shrewdly calculated to attract and tempt the public. Vast possibilities lie within the poster, yet it is only quite recently that the manager has awakened to its value as an advertising medium.

For years, strange to say, absolutely no thought was given to

this branch of publicity. The manager used so-called posters in a perfunctory way, and spent real money on them, but that's as far as his interest went. He never realized that the conspicuous display of a cleverly drawn, artistically colored poster in the city's streets, where it is constantly before the public, brings his show to the attention of the discerning public in a way that no other method can.

The making of the old-time poster was usually confided to the lithographer. He was given a free rein, and his one idea was to put on the sheet of paper as many arms, legs, smiles,

suggestions of flat, simple color masses and strong lines. They pointed out that the poster they could design was really cheaper, for it was at most a four-color affair; that its drawing power would be tremendous because of its artistic excellence, but the managers, still obstinate, turned a deaf ear.

Yet before long the producer was forced to listen. Formerly there was some excuse for this phlegmatic attitude on the part of the theatrical magnate. There was little or no competition in the line of amusement. The theatre was supreme, and those who wished for dramatic entertainment had no other place in which to get it. But suddenly came the moving picture, with the attraction of novelty and cheapness. People fairly besieged the film houses. Next came the dance halls, with their glitter, their brilliance, their invitation to the public to be its own entertainer. Then appeared the cabarets with their forced gaiety and their artful insinuation to an easily fooled public that they were really getting something for nothing.

All this competition began to cripple the returns in theatrical box-offices, and the managers sat up and took notice. Carefully they began to study the situation, and soon they realized that for years they had overlooked one of their best and most potent aids toward securing a full house.

Then it was that outsiders were called in, among them being those very same artists who had been hammering away at the idea so long, apparently without any result. At last the managers agreed to try their suggestions, and the younger generation of men and women artists at once brought their fresh point of view and artistic inclinations to bear upon the

problem of theatrical advertising.

During the past season, we have seen the result along the



Poster by J. B. Platt

teeth, dresses, as possible—all worked in as many colors as they could print. The bill being based on the color work, they naturally worked as many colors as possible with results that were absurdly childish, and defeated the very purpose for which the posters were intended, for instead of attracting the eye of the passerby, he or she instinctively turned in irritation from the confused mass of intricate, inharmonious detail.

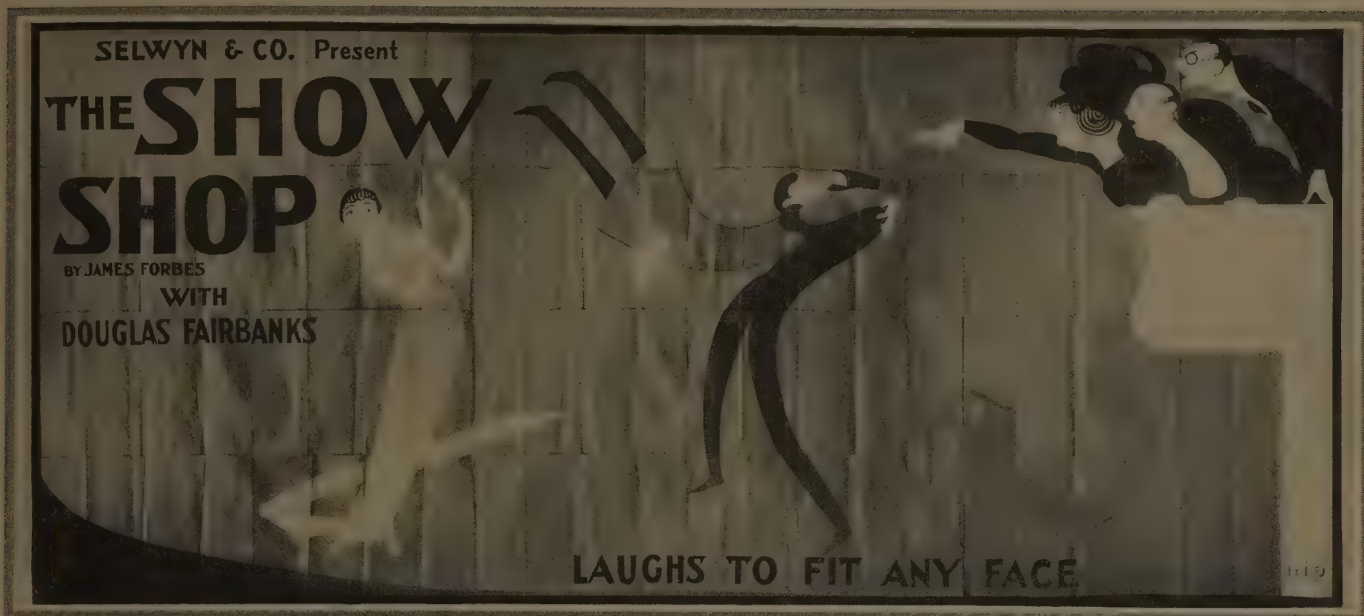
Artists grieved exceedingly over these inane productions. One or two designers—pioneers in the field of artistic theatrical advertising—exasperated at the rubbish then exhibited on the city walls, went about from one manager's office to another, trying by gentle persuasion to "put over" their



Poster by Scottson Clark



Poster by Sears



Poster by Nip

billboards of Broadway—a collection of bright, modern, attractive posters, having the same characteristics of gayety and spontaneity that is to be seen in up-to-date fashions and household decoration.

The chief merit of these posters is their simplicity; they at once arrest the eye in the city's busy streets; they are amusing in *motif*, or intense in their drawing, thus creating desire; they are bright and vivid in color, hinting at an entertaining performance.

When you stop and look at them, you feel a thrill, your emotions are stirred; you say to yourself: "I must see that." Thus they have served their purpose as an advertising medium. For no poster is a success unless it can accomplish every psychological step in salesmanship, from the attracting of the attention, through the successive steps of interest, desire and purchase.

The new theatrical posters are working in the right direction. They show life and action, which is a fine indication of the greater vitality to come. Since the producers have let down the bars of hide-bound prejudice, and have allowed artistic workers some leeway, there should spring up a most interesting and vital evolution of the poster. The drama is unsurpassed as an enricher of the artistic imagination, as a stimulus to artistic energies, and the poster, itself, is fairly panting for further development. Therefore this new collaboration is full of enormous possibilities, not only to the theatrical manager, but to the artist himself.

Just as the new movement within the theatre, both abroad, and more recently at home, was based upon the co-operation of the theatrical manager and the artist, so, now, the same movement extends outside the house of dramatic art, and in the union of the two energies, we find the foundation of the new idea in theatrical advertisement.

Already, because of the new posters, there has been noticed a

revival of interest in poster art generally, both in the designing and the printing. At the National Arts Club, recently, was held an exhibition of American and foreign posters; included was also a showing of the wood blocks from which a poster is done.

Wood produces a far more artistic effect than does the sheet of aluminum, although both are used. A four-color poster requires four blocks of wood, or sheets of aluminum, one for each ink used. There is also, of course, a separate press used for each color.

The sketch from which the poster is made is first placed in a lantern, and its enlarged outlines are drawn upon a sheet of paper on the wall. These are then transferred to the block, which goes through the process of engraving. Next it is placed in the press, and the printing begins. From one press to another it goes, in sections, for there is no press large enough for the eight sheet or twenty-four sheet spread. Next it is folded very carefully. This is one of the most important processes in the production of a poster, for it must be arranged in order that the bill poster, on his rounds, can take each part out in the way it must go to fit into the great picture-puzzle.

As to the cost of the simple poster of to-day, the managers have found out that these new, artistic posters, upon which time and thought have been spent in the designing, are actually

cheaper than the old, intricate ones with their extravagant use of color. Most of the modern posters are done in but four colors, which simplifies the problem of cost considerably.

The "Show Shop" poster is personal in its treatment, an excellent drawing-card because of the intensity of its action, especially in the figures leaning from the box. It is suggestive, and bold and free in its drawing, all very good points for a poster that is expected to advertise a play.

"Under Cover" has interesting spacing, and deep rich color arrangement of red-brown and blue.

(Continued on page 93)



Poster by Nip

THE EVOLUTION OF A JOKER

GEORGE V. HOBART, author of "Experience," but perhaps better known to fame as the father of the Dinkelspiel family, says that the "past" of a Pinero heroine is as nothing compared to his own. He is the author of thirty musical comedies that have achieved production on the American stage.

"And this gruesome fact rises up and smites me on the cheek without the slightest provocation," he declares, and like Mark Twain, Jerome K. Jerome and most of the other jokers of recent history, he veers to be taken seriously. 'Henceforth I vow that I shall never be funny again,' he said one day recently while observing a rehearsal of his allegorical drama, "Experience," which is an expansion of a sketch he wrote for last years Lambs' Gambol.

"I left you a loop-hole, too, when I said I shall never be funny again," he added; 'there are plenty of newspaper critics who have been reminding me for years that I wasn't funny and that I only imagined that I was. But even in this they were wrong. I never imagined that I was particularly funny. I scribbled and scribbled. Newspapers paid me a good price for what I wrote for them and editors told me that their readers screamed with laughter. Managers bought the manuscripts that I offered them, produced my plays and audiences usually sat back in their seats and giggled at my humor. Now, to tell the truth, I never wrote a thing in my life that seemed to me to be the least bit funny. I never received a laugh from a line I wrote, and when I imagined that I had put down something that would please other people, they stubbornly declined to smile, whereas, when I wrote and didn't see a smile in my product, they chuckled and said it was all very funny.

"So I'm not entirely to blame. Again bobs up my 'past.' I was a cable operator in Newfoundland and I didn't like the climate up there. It was too cold in winter, so I decided upon a campaign of action that would bring me into a more temperate climate. I thought New York would about suit me. But I didn't know anyone in New York who wanted to engage a cable operator. So I tried other lines in my spare moments. I scribbled paragraphs and sent them to New York editors. And can you beat it? They wrote to me that the paragraphs were so funny, they wanted more of the same kind. The editors said their readers were holding their sides from laughter when they read what I wrote. It was a surprise to me, but I kept on shooting in the 'humor' quite unaware of its laugh-producing qualities. One day I decided to follow the address of the checks I had been cashing in payment for my 'literary' sideline and first



GEORGE V. HOBART
Author of "Experience," etc.

thing I knew, I found myself in the metropolis of America with a firm determination to succeed as a writer and to forget all about the ticks and clicks of the Atlantic cable.

"As I began to drift around the theatres, I was impressed with the fact that people seemed to be entertained and amused by the sort of thing that I thought I could write. So I tried and it was the beginning of that terrible 'past' I tell you about. Finally, I drifted to one theatre, and first thing I knew, I was writing all the plays produced at that house. And they were all grin-makers. Maybe there's something in the association of ideas, for it seems to me sometimes that when my name is mentioned, people giggle. But I'm 'through with it—I vow it. Take the critics' words for it, perhaps I never was funny. I know one thing, I'm not going to be in future."

"Then you want to make them weep?"

"Weep?" shouted Hobart, his words accentuated in a manner that cannot be adequately expressed in a magazine that is delivered by Uncle Sam.

"Weep?" he repeated.

"Why, if I saw anyone weep at a show of mine, I'd know it was rotten. No sir, I don't want to make them weep."

He gave a "give me liberty or give me death" gesture, hesitated a moment and then completely contradicted himself.

"No, I hadn't thought of that; if there's any danger of making them weep, I'll try to keep on making them smile. But get my idea? I don't want them to laugh—at least not at the wrong time. From now on—commencing with 'Experience' I shall be serious and at least I shall try to suppress the giggle. When there's anything worth laughing at, well, I can't help that. But I have resolved to eliminate the perpetual snicker."

Another bane of Hobart's life is the fact that it is so easy to write. He has shown a tendency to provide librettos for all the composers in America and the New York manager seldom wants anything that Hobart will not attempt to provide on two days' notice. Once he met a well-known American star on the street and the actor remarked: "I've got a tour booked this season that's much better than usual and I can't find a play."

"I'll give you one—when do you want it?"

"Must have it in two days; I don't like anything that's been offered so far, however."

The actor was what is known as an eccentric comedian. A play had to be made for him with precise measurements. But even that didn't faze the playwright. In forty-eight hours he delivered the manuscript and rehearsals began. When surprise was expressed by someone who knew of this writing feat, Hobart



Sarony
GLADYS HANSON
Seen with Granville Barker's company
in Greek plays



Copyright Ira L. Hill's Studio
VIOLET HEMING
Recently leading woman in "Under Cover"
at the Cort



Ira L. Hill's Studio
MADELINE HOWARD
Who played Beauty in "Experience"



Copyright Gerhard Sisters

PATRICIA COLLINGE
With Douglas Fairbanks in "The Show Shop" and to play the title rôle in "Pollyanna"

PROMINENT PLAYERS RECENTLY SEEN IN SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTIONS

of typewritten manuscript into the waste-basket at rehearsal, and giving the company twenty minutes intermission from labor, he rewrites a scene to his own liking.

When "Experience" was first put on, it was found to be too short. Hobart went back to the hotel after the performance, having called a rehearsal for the next morning. He distributed "parts" for the new scenes at ten o'clock and rehearsals were progressing at eleven. William Elliott, the star of this performance, thought at rehearsal that in one of the new scenes a song would add a good touch. Immediately the suggestion was made, Hobart sat down at the little table on the stage, from which he was conducting the rehearsal and wrote the "lyrics" of the song. They were tried out, the author did not like them, so he took ten minutes additional and wrote another. As Sylvio Hein, the irrepressible composer was present at the rehearsal, he was pressed into service, and inside of an hour, Mr. Elliott was singing the song in the new scenes as if it had been placed there originally.

But Hobart has less patience with his own work at rehearsal than with the work of other men. "It's too easy to write something different," he remarks when he wants a change, so he promptly discards the manuscript that does not please him and quickly substitutes something else. "It's easier to write than it is to tinker," he explains, "and besides, as likely as not they'll giggle at my first effort. I'm trying to cut out the smiles."

ARCHIE BELL.



White

ROBERT WARWICK
Seen in the revival of "A Celebrated Case"

explained that he had done work much more rapidly than this particular play.

"One afternoon I went home and found that everyone was away and a note that nobody would return until midnight. I didn't have anything else to do, so I sat down and began to scribble. I wrote until the folks came home and then a little later. The next morning I went into New York and offered my manuscript of the day before to a publisher. He took it and the result was the first of my 'John Henry' books, which have a combined circulation of several hundred thousand."

Hobart is known as a celebrated play-doctor. Managers send for him when things look shaky because he is justly famous for administering "first aid," a few laughs, a kick and a punch. By administering a few giggles to a manuscript that showed weakness from loss of blood, he has saved many managers sleepless nights and shrinking of bank account.

And in the matter of treating his own work, he performs similar "cures." Some of the best-known playwrights and libretto-makers in America are powerless to make corrections, eliminations and expansions in their offerings, after they come to rehearsals. Many writers need the seclusion of a library to work out their thoughts and plans. Not so with Hobart. He thinks nothing of throwing five or six pages



Mishkin

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON
With Granville Barker's
company in Greek plays.



White

EUGENE O'BRIEN
Seen in "A Celebrated Case" and to appear in "The New Shylock"

LOVERS of the drama have been much interested in the past few

An American Stage Wizard

years in the methods of such modern stage "decorators" as Max Reinhardt, Gordon Craig and Granville Barker. But we have in Livingston Platt an American who has never studied under either Craig or Reinhardt; a man who has pursued his own stage methods independently of either of these European stage directors, and has achieved results equally beautiful, as was evidenced by his remarkable work in 1913 when he staged four Shakespearean plays for Miss Margaret Anglin. Two seasons earlier he had won high praise for his settings of "The Wings" at the Boston Toy Theatre.

Mr. Platt was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1874, and at an early age he developed exceptional talent as a painter. He went abroad to study, and was quite successful as an artist, many of his paintings being exhibited at the Paris Salon. During those early years he became acquainted with a great many actors and managers, and finally became so impressed with the artistic possibilities of the stage that he decided to make stage decorations his chief ambition in life.

He studied the theatre at first hand and then went to Bruges, Belgium, where he secured control of a small theatre of his own and began to work out some very original ideas. All of his plays were produced in the simplest possible way, but the settings were so charming, so genuinely artistic, and so much in sympathy with what the authors were trying to do, that the little theatre soon became famous. The Minister of Fine Arts in Bruges became interested in Mr. Platt's work and induced him to design the settings for several of the grand opera productions. And it is a very interesting fact to note that, twelve years ago, in this tiny playhouse in Bruges, Mr. Platt was doing things on his small stage that are just coming into vogue now. Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt are supposed to be pioneers in the new decorative art of the theatre, but this young American, working unostentatiously in Belgium, antedated them both by several years.

Mr. Platt was not without honor, however, even in his own country, for news had percolated into Boston of the wonderfully artistic work that was being done by him in his diminutive European playhouse. In 1911, when the Toy Theatre was started in Boston under the management of Mrs. Lyman Gale, she sent for Mr. Platt, who had returned to America, and induced him to become the stage director of her tiny playhouse. He accepted, and almost immediately the Toy Theatre became notable for the beauty of its stage settings. On an exceptionally small stage Mr. Platt week after week achieved the impossible.

For instance, the Toy Theatre management was very anxious to produce Josephine Preston Peabody's poetic one-act play, "The Wings," but so many stage problems had to be overcome in its production that the author was not willing that the experiment should be tried. Mr. Platt assured her that he could suggest by sympathetic stage settings all of the eerie atmosphere that was necessary in order that the play might "get over" the footlights. The production of "The Wings" at the Toy Theatre is still being talked about as a supremely perfect illustration of what *can* be done on the modern stage if the right man takes hold. One tasted the tang of the sea and felt the illusion of illimitable space, all on a stage not more than twelve by twenty feet in dimensions.

This production made Mr. Platt's reputation as a stage director in Boston overnight.

Throughout the season of 1911 Mr. Platt designed the settings for the Toy Theatre, and they were all charmingly done. He could suggest more atmosphere with a few draperies and curtains than some directors can do with tons of useless appurtenances. To cite another specific instance, the Toy Theatre was the first playhouse in America to produce Guimera's "Maria Rosa." Mr.

Platt had once lived during his artist days in an old monastery in Spain, and in producing Guimera's play he used sketches that he had made in Spain, so that the atmosphere was reproduced with lifelike fidelity. The costumes, too, were designed from Spanish sketches. As a result, the production was so exquisite that Miss Dorothy Donnelly, who was playing in Boston at the time, became enamored of the play and starred in it the following season in New York.

Mr. John Craig, the enterprising manager of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, who has done so much for the drama in his home city, was the next person to become interested in Mr. Platt's work. He asked him to make the stage settings for a Shakespearean production at the Castle Square, and suggested that he choose his own play. Mr. Platt's choice was "The Comedy of Errors," and his settings were notable. This production gave Mr. Craig the distinction of being the first American manager to stage Shakespeare in the new manner. Subsequently, Mr. Platt designed the stage settings for two other Shakespearean productions at the Castle Square—"Hamlet" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

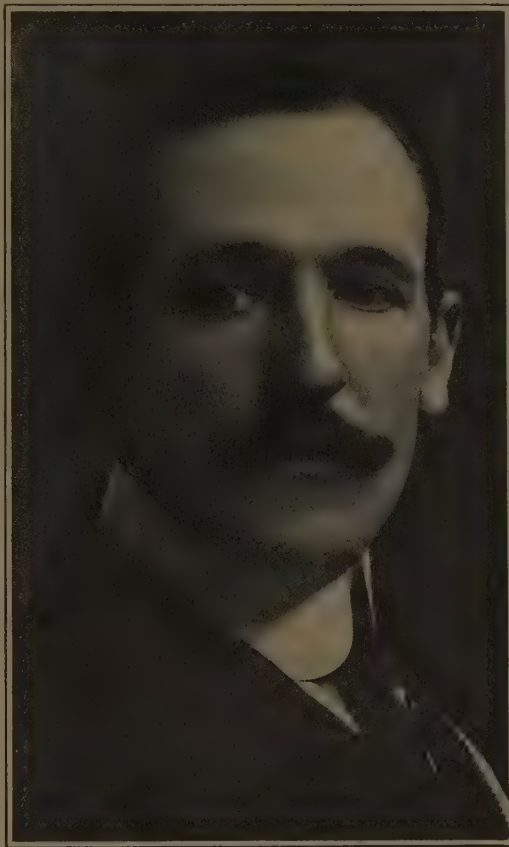
But the greatest compliment to Mr. Platt's ability as a stage director was

paid him by Miss Margaret Anglin. When Miss Anglin was planning to present four Shakespearean plays in the modern manner, she went abroad for the purpose of studying the work of foreign stage directors, but came back to this country very much disappointed, because she could not find anyone whose work thoroughly satisfied her. In 1913 she was playing in Boston and saw the Platt settings for "The Comedy of Errors" at the Castle Square. She was delighted, had a long talk with Mr. Platt and signed an agreement with him then and there to make the stage settings for her four Shakespearean productions for the coming year—"The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

These plays were produced with scenes that are usually left out, but, notwithstanding, the waits for the changing of the sets were less than one minute each, something hitherto unheard of in the production of Shakespearean plays. It was Miss Anglin's intention to present the plays as they were originally intended to be presented, and Mr. Platt strove to suggest the exact mood of each drama. He did not use the plays as vehicles for the display of his own talents, as do so many stage directors. The backgrounds were always subordinate to the action of the drama. The play was always *the thing*.

Mr. Platt prefers to call himself a "stage decorator," rather than a stage director. It is his aim to see that every space of light and shadow which surrounds the action shall heighten and amplify the significance of that action. Therefore his decorations are something more than mere stage settings: they are a vital and component part of the drama itself. But he does not deify the stage director, as does

(Continued on page 92)



LIVINGSTON PLATT

Well-known American artist who excels in the new decorative art of the theatre

HELEN MÖLLER

Greek dancer whose outdoor dancing has been a feature of fashionable functions at Newport this summer. Miss Möller arranged and produced with her pupils all the dances in the production of "Orpheus" at Brookside Greek Open Air Theatre, on May 31st last. Miss Möller is American, a native of the Middle West, and as a child lived on the prairie, romping with her hunting dogs and dancing in bare feet, which gave to her art a free, simple, chaste, beautiful and natural movement.



The Play Doctor

Amateur dramatists often have their manuscripts returned on the ground that the technique is faulty, although the idea is good. In this case they call in the play doctor to operate on their defective scripts.

HOW often it happens that the amateur author of a dramatic masterpiece, after weeks of anxious waiting, brightened by hope (for is not the mere fact of a manager's keeping his manuscript hopeful?) after innumerable personal calls (on the manager's bodyguard), telephone calls, letters, telegrams, gets back his script accompanied by a typed letter which reads more or less as follows:

Although your play, herewith returned to you, is not precisely what Mr. wishes for a production, he has kept it by him for some weeks because it is so well written and characterized that with some slight changes, to be made preferably by an experienced playwright, Mr. believes it might be built up into a valuable property. Mr. takes the liberty of submitting this suggestion and begs to remain, etc., etc.

Now, is not that encouraging to the author of a first play? It never occurs to him that this is a prescribed formula, in recent use by managers, of letting the author "down easily." In fact the author has dropped so softly on a bed of down that he is almost as pleased as if his piece had been accepted. He devotes the next few days to re-reading his beloved manuscript, looking for the places that require the "slight changes." Naturally he cannot find them; naturally his recovered manuscript is dearer to him for the brief absence, and, naturally, this child of his brain appears faultless. Changes would cripple and spoil his idea. He is aware that to judge it to be a perfect play would be egotism, and yet—it does tell its story exactly as he thinks it ought to be told. Or perhaps, better advised, he really makes an effort to re-write his play. It isn't very long before he finds that the few changes he makes have involved him in apparently hopeless confusion. The scenario, or framework is lost—the scene he interpolates contradicts a scene which precedes or follows it. He re-writes that to suit the new idea and the whole play falls apart. Before he is through with the process of "making over" he realizes that to write a new play would be easier and simpler. And what makes the work ungrateful is that he feels with every step he takes he is getting further and further away from his basic idea.

Then a friend suggests that, as the manager who has rejected his play is but one man with one opinion, and as there are other managers, before he accepts this solitary opinion, the author had better try sending out his manuscript again. Off it goes, in its original form to half-dozen at once. From some it comes back with a

perfunctory "return" note; others employ the modern formula about the "slight changes which are necessary," because this politeness commits them to nothing. A play broker even gives the name of a well-known dramatic writer who might be interested in making the necessary changes, for say, two-thirds of the prospective royalties.

By this time the young playwright's head swims; he cannot see the words he has written, he has forgotten his own idea, and as a measure to save his sanity he writes a letter to the celebrated playwright, sends it with the script and—waits.

When it comes back from him the author sends it to another equally dexterous, equally ingenious, and (if he is very persistent) to still others. In every case the script returns to him, and the consensus of opinion is that the idea is not big enough to warrant the "great man" in working it over—for this is an age of "punch" and no story that lacks a situation melodramatic and vulgar enough to contain that modern ingredient need expect production.

At length the embryo playwright who, it would seem, is gifted with superhuman hope, hears of the play doctor. An actor friend acquaints him of the existence of this strange creature.

"He can mend plays, cure them of every sort of disease, even make 'em over if you pay him enough." And the actor friend cites instances of plays that had been rejected as hopeless coming out from the play doctor's hands and winning success on the stage. So as a final effort, swallowing his injured pride, the amateur goes in search of the play doctor.

He finds him either in sumptuous quarters in a fashionable hotel or occupying a splendid suite in an apartment house. Everything about him indicates prosperity; the desk, covered with manuscripts, is of carved Italian chestnut; the carpets are brilliant Aubusson; genuine paintings are on the walls—and the physician to deformed and impotent plays is dressed like a man whose toilet and the clothes he wears are his first consideration.

"I don't know whether I can serve you or not," remarks this elegant littérateur. His manner is not precisely encouraging but it is non-committal.

"I suppose you can't tell whether the play will appeal to you before you read it," says the author, "but I've brought you the manuscript."

"Don't imagine that I'll read your play," the other interrupted, making a peculiar sweeping gesture

NOT MEANING YOU!

I like to sit and watch the play
At matinée or night,
And hearing actors, I must say,
Affords me much delight.
But there's some in the audience—
Thank heaven, they are few!
Who will not use their common sense—
Of course I don't mean YOU!

I like to occupy my seat
Before the play begins—
To trample upon others' feet
I think the worst of sins.
Late comers oft disturb my peace
As they are passing through,
I wish their tardiness would cease—
Of course I don't mean YOU!

I like to listen to the play,
And follow up the plot;
But some around, I grieve to say,
Determine I shall not.
My neighbors' gossip drowns a speech
The actor can't renew
That they'd keep silent I beseech—
Of course I don't mean YOU!

Oh, whispering men—and women too,
You'd surely earn the thanks
Of players and playgoers, who
Are anything but cranks,
If you would talk *between* the acts—
Not *during* them—I knew
You wouldn't take these facts—
As being meant for YOU. JOHN S. GREY.

with his hands: "If I undertook to read all the plays that are brought to me I wouldn't have time to earn the money to pay the rent of this flat. You sit there, and tell me as briefly as you can the plot. If I find anything in it I may read your script."

If there is a task harder than telling the plot of a play in a few sentences an amateur playwright hasn't found it. Pitiable is it to hear him stammer: "Well you see she's a nice girl at heart, but she has been badly influenced, and when she meets *him* he gets quite a wrong idea of her. Then her mother..."

"Hold on, hold on," cries the play doctor. "Is it a society play, a working girl play—a play with a purpose—an underworld play—is it realistic or psychological?"

"I don't know," stammers the author, "I give you my word of honor, I don't know."

"Is it Shaw or Galsworthy?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, do *you* mean to tell me its original?"

The author, offended, is about to take his manuscript and get out, but the play doctor explains that the scripts brought to him usually reflect the color of a contemporaneous successful playwright, and by classing them thus roughly a great many preliminaries are brushed away. It is, however, essential that he get hold of the plot of the piece under consideration, and if it offers any new combination or the possibility of sufficient novelty in treatment he is perfectly willing to read the manuscript, and reconstruct and rewrite, as far as necessary, for a consideration. This consideration, it should be stated at once, is not based on visionary royalties. The "doctor" is eminently practical. He takes no chances and wants payment in cold cash, one-half down, before he begins his work.

But the interview has permitted the aspiring dramatist to catch glimpses of true knowledge of the stage and something more—an acquaintance with human nature and a glow—pale, intermittent, that shines not unlike poetic understanding; the hack is not all hack; he feels that his money will not be mis-spent. The very fact that his manuscript may be left behind him and has not been summarily rejected gives him a new hope. There is no one so optimistic as a would-be playwright.

The play doctor's view may not be so rosy. He is concerned with the body of a manuscript, its body and limbs not with its soul. He is a playwright himself, who has, perhaps, several worthy plays recorded in his name in the Green Book. Why he has not gone on with the procession may be due to several reasons, which it is not necessary to enter into here. The play doctor's experiences in this peculiar profession is what makes him temporarily interesting. And as he can tell of these experiences better than any other person who reports them, permit him to do so in his own words.

"The general misconception of what constitutes a play, even among those who are most keenly interested in the theatre, passes ordinary understanding. Actors and novelists of the first rank have shown such profound ignorance, not merely of how to make a play but what a play is, that I used to think some of them ex-

posed these ideas in order to try me out. Experience has taught me to dismiss that idea.

"An American writer who lives in London, in great vogue, came to me on his latest visit home and asked for advice about a scenario he had made from one of his novels. He explained that his purpose to make a play out of the story had been fostered by numerous applications from working dramatists for the acting rights. He went on to say: 'As I have been going to the theatre all my life and as the two *métiers*, novel-writing and playwrighting, have so much in common, I thought I would try my hand at it myself. This is the result; look it over and give me your expert advice.'

"I 'looked over' his scenario and had to catch hold of my desk to keep from falling. There were sixty-seven speaking parts, ten sets of scenery called for, and thirteen acts. When I ran through the novel to find an explanation for this Chinese dramatization I found that every character who said even the briefest word in the novel figured in the scenario, and two persons who were dead before the book opened had been brought to life again. A colossal elimination might have been employed to bring the purposed play down to acting weight, but the play showed the same amount of dramatic quality as a series of letters à la Samuel Richardson would do. When I called the attention of my famous client to these facts he insulted me.

"Once in a decade an actor writes a successful play or collaborates in one, and the result is a grist of plays by actors who have held an idea for a play so long in their heads that it has either gone stale or died of lack of nourishment.

I've never been given the right kind of raw material for a play by an actor yet. If the stuff the actors bring here has a basic idea, when you come to study it you will invariably find that it has been used already in the identical form, in some play the actor once appeared in.

"I know now what to expect whenever an intelligent and fine actor comes to me and remarks: 'Old man, I've got a big idea all worked out except as to the details, and those I want you to throw in.' I know that it will be the vaguest verbiage. What he calls a first act will be descriptions of the characters down to the small details of habit and complexion, an elaborate picture of the setting, not a word of dialogue, not a scintilla of plot. His second act will be characterized by the same vagueness, but in the third, towards the end, he will inject a big dramatic bit, lifted bodily by memory from an old play to which the characters and the story already outlined have no connection. The would-be author-actor never has a fourth act—I leave you to pick up the threads, old man—that's easy."

"This is a rapid picture of the 'creative' work of players who have taken the trouble to write reams of description and characterization. They are in the minority. Most often the actor who is obsessed by a dream play for himself writes down nothing; he tells you something like this:

"I've a great idea for a play, old man, and you're the clever



Bangs

DORIS MITCHELL

Leading woman recently with Arnold Daly in Shaw's plays



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MARILYNN MILLER

Taken specially for the Theatre Magazine

This popular and youthful singer and dancer, now appearing in "The Passing Show of 1915," at the Winter Garden, is a member of a well-known theatrical family. Her mother was one of the Ruth and Claire sisters, well known in vaudeville circles as The Columbians. When four years old Marilyn was brought from her home at Memphis, Tenn., to accompany her mother, and one morning was discovered walking on her toes in bare feet. The manager immediately suggested putting the child in the act, and little Marilyn made her debut August 23, 1903. From then until 1914 she remained with the family touring the world in the production known as "The Five Columbians." Her talents developed rapidly, especially in singing, dancing and mimicry. Owing to the Gerry law she had never appeared in New York, but Lee Shubert happened to see her in London. An immediate engagement followed and she was placed in "The Passing Show of 1914," doing several dances and impressions. Her success was instantaneous. A road tour followed with like result. This season she was brought back for "The Passing Show of 1915" and given a speaking part, her first lines ever spoken on any stage. The charming gown worn by Miss Miller in the above photograph was made by Harry Collins, N. Y.

chap to work it out. There's a document highly important—you'll think out what kind—it's stolen by a woman who comes in disguised. The man—that's me—who thinks for three acts that he's in love with her, sees her steal it, and his love turns to contempt. In the last act—I haven't thought much about the last act but that's always easy—he gets the girl he really loves, the woman confesses, he lets her off—magnanimity and sacrifice—great, isn't it?"

"When you decline the commission to work on these lines on the ground that the resulting piece would recall 'Diplomacy' and 'Diana of the Crossways,' he leaves you with the suspicion that he has been a fool to give away his plot, and nobody could persuade him that you don't mean to write the play for yourself.

"Do accepted playwrights ever come to the doctor? Indeed, they come and that is one of the pleasantest experiences in our business. It takes so little, only a suggestion sometimes, to get them back on the right track when they have been switched off by that 'mulling' process given to many plays. But I had a peculiar experience last winter. A playwright, one very well known, called me by 'phone, said that he was desperate and must come in to talk over a last act. When he came his mood had changed—it was exalted. He looked inspired.

"Thank heaven, I don't need you," said he, 'but it is owing to what I can only call a miracle. Something has happened to me that never happened before. I was completely stumped by my last act—had written it a dozen times, each time it was worse than before. Then after 'phoning you I quieted down. Without meaning to work on the play I took up a pen. Now, believe me or not I didn't know what I was doing, my mind was off somewhere—but another mind, from where I cannot tell—took hold of the play. I set down what this mind dictated, yes, that's what I was, merely an amanuensis—I wrote, wrote—and here is the answer—my last act that I almost dare to say was inspired! Would you like to hear me read it?"

"He took out the manuscript and needed no further persuasion. I sat thunderstruck. Never from a tyro in playwriting had I heard such balder-dash—such unthinkable nonsense. And this from a man who knew the business. When he finished reading he looked at me in triumph. I asked for the story of the play up to the fourth act, which he gave me succinctly. It was a

good story, a good play, killed by this 'inspired' fourth act.

"You have heard the act as it sounds to you," said I to him, 'now let me read it as it shall sound to an audience.'

"When I had finished he burst into a laugh, seized the script and tore it across. 'I guess I was brain-fagged,' said he, 'so much for inspiration!'

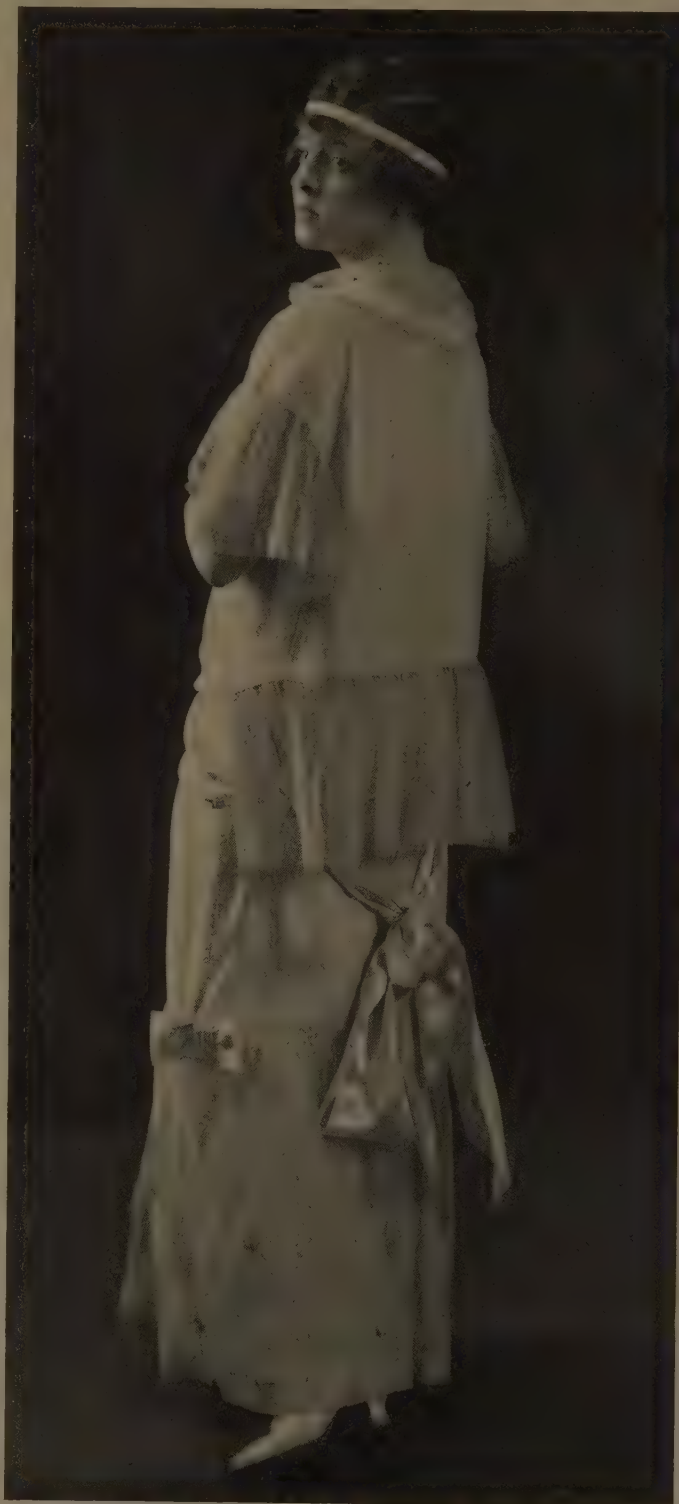
"Like Shakespeare, who is the first recorded 'play doctor,'" continued the speaker, "I began by making over old plays. It is true that I had 'put over' one or two short pieces, and an actress who had seen these sent for me and gave me an order to do over an old play for her. She was quite astonished when she learned that I would require real money for the job, but a judicious firmness finally persuaded her to pay one-half down, and the other half when I turned in the finished work. That piece was in her repertoire for a good many seasons, I never got any credit for it, neither did the original author. The only name ever attached to it was her own, and it's in stock now keeping her fame more or less alive."

The profession of playdoctoring is not one which has been widely adopted, and for obvious reasons it is apt to remain exclusive and retiring. A few men are gifted with the ability to put into plain view a play's faults and suggest a remedy—such men are invaluable to the great producers who attach them to their fortunes as soon as their talent or instinct has been proved. The most envied man on a producer's staff (after the millionaire playwright) is the doctor who has to his credit a number of pieces that he has made over from "good risks" into plays that "get the money."

The better equipped a man is for playdoctoring the more disappointed he is. He started in his career feeling convinced that he had messages for the world which would be best delivered in the dramatic form. That first play of his, admittedly good in construction and agreeably characterized, fails. He tries other veins, not so Delphic (a polite term for

"high brow"), these fail also; at length he is docketed in the manager's offices as a clever man, acquainted with his business, but not a money maker. No more damning reputation could be acquired. Unless he decides to turn his plots into short stories or goes into "vulgar trade" the only place left for him in the playwriting profession is that of "doctor." Well, why not? It is certainly a useful occupation.

WILLIS STEELL.



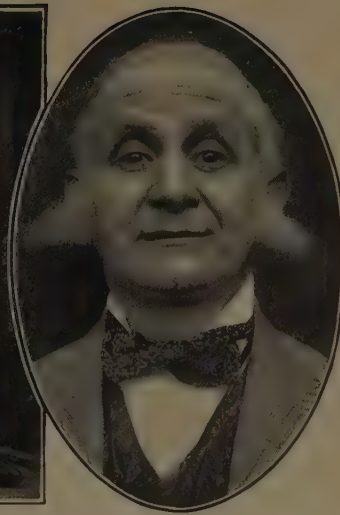
Underwood & Underwood

IRENE HAISMAN

Leading woman in "Twin Beds" at the Harris Theatre



Scene from "My Official Wife." A yellow background was necessary to give the proper color value in the picture, a gray wall would have been too dark when reproduced. The boots of Clara Kimball Young (on the floor) were light red to give them a different shade from the men's boots. The man on the floor wore a dark blue smock because one of light blue would have been taken white in the picture. A knowledge of the effects of colors upon the sensitized films is absolutely necessary in the art of making up for the screen.



Albert Riccardi in the photoplay "Uncle Joe." As he appears here the actor looks normal in his make-up, but actually his face is of a deep pink as to be almost red.

YOU see on the stage, where the footlights throw their artificial illumination upward, a beautiful young girl. Her perfect, cupid-bow lips are ruby-red, her neck and her bosom is like alabaster, her cheeks are like the bloom of the peach, and her large, soulful eyes look out at you with an innocent, entreating gaze from beneath deep-fringed eyelashes and perfect eyebrows. Put this same young lady, with exactly the same make-up on, out in the daylight before the lens of the motion picture camera and what is the result?

Those cupid-bow, ruby-lips will have become jet black when shown on the screen. Her alabaster neck and bosom will look like the high-lights on a piece of polished steel, hard, ghastly white, and cold; her peach-blow cheeks will have become dark and sunken; there will be ludicrous black circles beneath her eyes; her eyelashes will appear as though whittled out of black whalebone, and her perfect eyebrows will have every appearance of having been cut from black court-plaster and stuck in place.

The reason for all this is because the art of making up for the stage to appear before the footlights in person is one thing, but to make up for the searching lens of the little camera that reels off hundreds and hundreds of feet of film, to appear before an audience on a moving picture screen, is quite another thing. There is all the difference in the world between making up the actor who is to appear in person and making up the actor who is to appear only before the camera in person. Each is an art in itself. Making up for the footlights is an ancient art, making up for the film is comparatively new.

The reason is that the camera knows only two color values, ranging from pure white to jet black, with all the tones of grays in between. Red to a camera means black, bright blue to a camera means white, light orange means gray, a light red also means a dark gray, pink means a light gray; consequently the ruby-red lips of the actress would appear jet black, the powdered whiteness of her neck turns out a ghastly white, and the peach-blow tint of pink on her cheeks shows upon the screen as a light gray, which gives her the appearance of one fading into a living skeleton.

Making Up for the Film

By RICHARD LESLIE

Make-up man for the Vitagraph Company

To accentuate her eyes, to make them appear large and soulful on the stage, they are penciled beneath with blue-black crayon. Before the motion picture camera this comes out like a charcoal mark. The thick grease paint around the eyelashes shows in the films, but not on the stage, and so it is that the best make-up man in the world for the stage would fall down completely in attempting to make up actors for the film if he used the same method.

Every big film-producing concern has its make-up man and his assistants. It has been said that I hold the record for a single day's work in making up actors for the screen, and, as far as I know, I think I do. Where there are immense crowds for some of the scenes, it takes a greater part of the day to make them up. Hundreds of them are, of course, only "supes," but they have all to be made up with the greatest of care. The picture must be made in the daylight, the "supes" cannot sleep in their make-up, as it would rub off, and so there are times when I have had to start in as early as 5 o'clock in the morning in order to get my characters ready for a picture to be taken at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

When the picture entitled "Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg" was made, I had to make up seven hundred and thirty-eight characters. I started at 5 o'clock in the morning and had my seven hundred and thirty-eighth character made up and ready five minutes before the time scheduled for the members of the cast to take their places. In the mob scene from "The Little Minister" I made up five hundred characters, and these were even more difficult than those in the Lincoln scene.

An excellent example of the difference between a stage make-

up and a film make-up is seen in the photograph of Albert Riccardi, one of our Vitagraph players, in the title rôle of "Uncle Joe," a popular photoplay. In the picture Mr. Riccardi is shown just as he appears on the moving picture screen, and just as he is made up for the screen camera. If you were to see him in person, instead of on the screen, in this make-up, you would see a most grotesque looking man. His entire face is made up in deep pink to give him the rather sallow gray complexion of age.



Scene in "The Little Minister." For this scene Mr. Leslie made up five hundred characters, beginning early in the morning and completing the work in time to make the pictures.

The lines used between his eyebrows, across his forehead, about his eyes and running down each side of the nose are all made of crimson lake, a bright red color which photographs black. When this crimson lake is blended with the pink color covering the skin, and a trifle of light put around the edges for the high-lights, the camera makes it look like real wrinkles. Even the quality of hair in the wig has to be finer for the camera, or else it would look more like the stuffing of a hair mattress than the hirsute adornment of a human being.

All this hideous mess of pinks and crimson lake, and white outlines around the crimson lake streaks, makes the face grotesque, laughable and clownish to look at. In the picture the result is perfection.

making up of these scenes for the stage setting of movies is also quite an art.

In the Russian photoplay, "My Official Wife," Clara Kimball Young, as the Queen of the Nihilists, attempts to explain why she is a nihilist. As she talks her vision of the past is thrown on the screen. It is the humble home of a Russian serf. Suddenly the Czar's soldiers break down the door and murder her parents and her lover. All this explains to the audience without words just why the beautiful girl has become a nihilist. In the accompanying photograph of this scene great care was necessary in order to get the proper color values. The walls of the room look gray. If, however, they had been painted gray they would have been the color of the outer garments of the man standing



Photos by
Mishkin, Victor Georg,
and Reutlinger

HELEN FALCONER
Playing Violet Bond in "Chin-Chin"

INA CLAIRE
In the "Ziegfeld Follies" at the New Amsterdam

BEATRICE PRENTICE
Seen in "The Clever Ones" at the Punch and Judy

If actors in a moving picture play looked as they do as taken for regular camera pictures, it would give an impression of a convention of Fourth of July antiques and horrors. For this reason it may be readily understood why there is a great difference between the art of making up for the footlights and making up for the film.

The same care must be taken in setting the stage for the screen. Everyone who has visited a photograph studio to have his portrait taken will more readily understand this. He will have noticed that there are no scenes in colors. They are in blacks, whites, and grays. In the stage setting for moving pictures the drawing room of a multi-millionaire for instance, is a dull appearing scene to the onlooker. On the stage such a drawing room would appear in rich wood panels, beautifully colored tapestry, gilded chandeliers and the like, but these colors are of no use for a film scene. They are more frequently a detriment than otherwise. The red rosewood would appear like ebony, the blues and yellows of the tapestry and gilding would turn out a sickly white, the pinks and other warm colors of the rugs and pictures would, on the screen, be a dull gray. Consequently the

up who has just been shot. In order to give the light-gray appearance the walls were painted a light orange.

There is no means of making a woman's eyes appear large and luminous before the lens of a camera. For the footlights this is easily accomplished, for the screen only certain types of women who really take a good picture can be used for scenes that demand a beautiful girl. The dark blue eyes of Irish brunettes photograph quite well, but very light blue eyes will not make a good picture at all. Dark gray eyes, and especially hazel eyes are strikingly beautiful on the movie screen. Footlights always favor the shadows, but the moving picture camera favors the high-lights.

The skilled film make-up man becomes a quick judge of just how certain high-lights and certain shadows will appear on the screen, and so he tones down the high-lights and builds up the shadows. He also supervises the colors and the costumes that are worn because he is responsible for the effect on the screen. The acting is up to the director, but the color values are always up to the make-up man, and when he has learned his art thoroughly he has a profession that is worth while.

Fourth Generation of Players

(Continued from page 74)

He rose stiffly from his camp chair. I shouldn't like it myself, I won't do it again." The promise he kept.

She was one of the company which, with Nathaniel C. Goodwin, played "The Usurper." Clyde Fitch, liking her clean-cut methods, especially her delivery of a line with all the forceful precision of a skilled baseball pitcher, placed her in his "Glad of It" and "The Coronet of a Duchess." Unauthorlike, he was gratified when she took liberties with the speeches he had given her. "Go home and think up some more stuff like that" was his reward of her spontaneity.

"Someday I'm going to write you a great part," he had volunteered. When he died, to her, as to other actresses, it seemed that opportunity had died. She was one of the many Clyde Fitch widows.

Chicago enjoys Miss Mendum and Miss Mendum, Mary like, enjoys Chicago. For a year she played in that city the character of the head nurse in "The Time, the Place and the Girl," and for nearly as long a period, the waitress in "The Girl Question." Chicago dubs her "Our own Georgie Mendum," and Miss Mendum exclaims: "Dear Chicago, I love the people there. They are more like commuters and commuters are the best audiences. There is nothing in this world like the loyalty of a commuter."

New York has seen her as the stenographer in "Via Wireless," as the village adventuress in "A Strange Woman," in which latter play the author and management simultaneously discovering her desert, the author wrote in an extra scene, and a good one, in the last act, for her.

Practically unique is Miss Mendum in that, completing a season, she eulogizes her star and her manager. Like grandfather Drew, as grandmother Drew had pointed out, she is an optimist.

ADA PATTERSON.

Paris Theatres Reopening

(Continued from page 75)

d'Honneur for Albert which she is trying to persuade the novelist to obtain for her husband. Albert goes away with her and there is another scene, when he accuses her of being the mistress of Lézignan. She denies this emphatically. Albert insists, and in a fit of pique the wife does actually fly to the arms of the novelist.

Albert now communes with himself. At the moment when her virtue has suffered he begins to believe in her innocence. She returns and is about to be forgiven when she confesses that she was tempted and disposed to betray her husband. By her frankness he believes in her implicitly and will listen to no confession of fault. The news arrives that he is about to receive his coveted decoration, and the curtain falls on a scene of perfect contentment.

HARRY J. GREENWALL.

New York's Understudy Club

(Continued from page 70)

moment, even when those moments drag into months, without showing any inclination of bringing the desired opportunity. Miss Valentine is now rehearsing a new play in which she will star the early part of next season, so perhaps her experience has not been entirely unprofitable.

Miss Linda Bolton holds a unique position among understudies. This young woman happened to be the understudy for Mrs. Charles Hopkins in "The Clever Ones" at the Punch and Judy Theatre, the same Mrs. Hopkins who organized the "Only Their Understudies Club." It also happens that Mrs. Hopkins is Miss Bolton's sister so that the latter has not found it necessary to fall back upon the unexpected to assure her of a hearing. Two or three times during the season Miss Bolton took her sister's place and showed that whatever dramatic talent the family possesses does not rest alone with her older sister.

The list of understudies who have attained fame and fortune quickly and unexpectedly are legion. There was Gertrude Bryan who got her chance in "Little Boy Blue" and bowled over the first nighters with her charming singing and dancing. She was scared as a jack rabbit but

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delighted too; she bowed to the wings in her confusion, grew hysterical in her dressing room, and laughed her way tremulously into the hearts of her auditors. There was Josephine Victor, now playing an excellent dramatic part in "Kick-In," who was understudying Madame Bertha Kalich in the "Kreutzer Sonata" when her chance came. She recently played in "Chantecler," "The Yellow Ticket," and Belasco's "Temperamental Journey."

Carrol McComas came to Broadway from the far and woolly West and secured an understudy part to Julia Sanderson, the musical comedy star. In her spare hours she studied vocal and instrumental music and when her moment came she was equal to it. Her last appearance was in the title rôle of the short-lived "Salamander."

In almost all cases the understudy has eventually emerged into the firmament of stardom. Her position, trying and unappreciated as it is, still has its rewards. The wise theatrical manager knows the value of the understudy if the public does not. As one prominent manager puts it: "An understudy can make or break a show. The best remedy for a temperamental star, that I can think of, is a clever understudy. The lady with 'nerves' forgets all about them if she knows that there is a young woman waiting in the wings who can do the part just as well, or perhaps a little better than she can herself."

Every Saturday night these little-known, but invaluable appurtenances to the theatrical profession meet at their quaint little eating place and talk over their troubles. They have a mutual sympathy and a high regard for each other and they wish sometimes that their efforts might be rewarded with just an occasional word of cheer or notice. In the future, whenever new productions are staged, the understudies will be made members of the club immediately. They hope to be able to impress on managers and theatre-goers alike the worth of the girls who have to be versed in principal parts, though seldom permitted to play them. They hope eventually to give a share of the spotlight to the understudy, to lift her out of her hard-working obscurity into the ken of the theatre-going public.

BURR C. COOK.

An American Stage Wizard

(Continued from page 83)

Gordon Craig, who would abolish the author, substitute puppets for actors and place all the emphasis upon the scenery and lighting. He realizes the importance of the play, and, more wonderful still, he thinks that the author is entitled to have at least something to say about the production of his own drama. So he works in harmony with the dramatist, striving to visualize to the audience through a series of sympathetic stage settings what the author is trying to drive home.

"We have carried the photographic method to its farthest development," says Mr. Platt, "and it seems to me that the next step in theatrical art is toward a more imaginative stage. All superfluous details should be eliminated, and the settings should stimulate the audience to create in their own imaginations the dominant features of the play. They should suggest the mood of the play at a glance.

"Too much detail often ruins a play because it distracts the attention from the action of the drama itself. Many a stage manager clutters up his stage with unnecessary details. Others strive too hard for realistic effects, mistaking photography for real art. Stage settings should not be bizarre unless the play itself is of a bizarre nature. Scenery should not shout at you. The decorations should be for the sake of the play, not for the sake of the decorations.

"The same effects that are used in the new staging of Shakespearean plays, by the way, can be used in the staging of the most modern plays. I have staged Ibsen's 'Ghosts' and 'Rosmersholm' in the new manner, and they were very effective. There has never been a modern play staged in the new manner in America, and I should dearly love to try the experiment. Think of an American play that suggests all the atmosphere of the country without shouting at you! Wouldn't it be bully? So many American plays are like a three-ring circus," sighed Mr. Platt.

Mr. Platt also thinks that the stage in this country should be gradually lighted, as is done in Germany. He thinks that the value of light

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

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and shadow has never been properly appreciated by American stage managers. To illustrate how much can be accomplished by the skillful use of light and shadow, he told of a play that he once produced in Ghent. In this play a murder was committed off the stage, but, for dramatic effect, it was necessary that the murder should be suggested to the audience. Mr. Platt studied the problem for some time and then designed a stage set showing two sides of a wall. The wall converged in the centre of the stage, and, as it was supposed to be a moonlight night, one side of the wall was in shadow and the other was in moonlight. The assassin lurked in the dark shadow and waited for his victim, who was heard drawing nearer, whistling as he came. Then the victim's shadow was thrown on the moonlight wall, the assassin moved forward and his shadow was seen following that of his victim. Both shadows finally disappeared and there was heard a wild scream. In other words, the murder was suggested merely by the use of silhouettes, and Mr. Platt says that the audience was thrilled infinitely more than if the murder had been acted out before them.

At a daytime performance of "Electra," given in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California, several years ago, Mr. Platt had a similar problem to solve when the king is murdered in the play. He knew that a murder would not be very effective in the garish light of day, so he designed a tree that would cast a shadow upon the king's palace. The murder was then committed in the deep shadow of this tree, making it tremendously effective.

"I am very optimistic about the future of the American stage," says Mr. Platt, "and it is my firm belief that something is going to happen within a few years that none of us expect. The art of stage decorations is really only in its formative period now, and the possibilities for the future are infinite. The old producers have had their day and men with new ideas have taken their place. College men are beginning to take a deep interest in the new art of stage decorations, and many of them are adopting it as a profession. Upon these men we may pin our hopes for the future, for they will give free rein to the best artistic possibilities of the modern stage."

EDWIN CARTY RANCK.

The New Theatrical Poster

(Continued from page 79)

It is a pity that the designer of the poster used the intensely white figure, which detracts from the background and throws the idea of mystery entirely out of gear.

The "Watch Your Step" poster is excellent in color. The background is a rich yellow, and the lettering vermillion, a combination which always attracts while the figures are in blue and black. Other features which draw are the motif of amusement, and the cachet of style, on which most of the production which it advertises is based.

The poster for "Marie-Odile" has the soft, refined color that such a play demands, light gray-blue, dark blue, with a touch of vermillion. But it has great drawing power, because of the arrangement of the color masses, the sense of movement conveyed in the grouping of the soldiers, and, of course, the dramatic contrast of the shrinking, frightened sister, and the oncoming horde of brutal fighting men.

The poster for "Taking Chances," while it uses the attractive Frenchy coloring of pink, blue, yellow and black which is so entirely in line with a farce adapted from foreign sources, is perhaps too fussy to make an ideal advertising medium. An arrangement in black and purple, with the yellow gleam of the lamp as the most dramatic feature, would have been more startling—and therefore, of more force, as a drawing card.

But the main thing in connection with all of these posters is that they are started on the right road, and it seems as though they mean to get somewhere, both commercially and artistically.

ROSEL GOTTHOLD.

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Vicissitudes of a Playwright

(Continued from page 71)

his eyes occasionally turning to a Burns Jones painting of 'The Vampire' hanging on the wall. 'Do you know,' he said presently, 'that picture keeps suggesting a play to me. It seems to have all the elements of a strong drama. What do you think about it?' I agreed with him and be-

"—and then with just a few weeks more of Sanatogen"

On the road to health at last! And yet how impatient you are to be up and doing. But it is now, when the system is trying to rebuild its store of energy, that you will be most grateful for the reconstructive help of Sanatogen.

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Won't you give Sanatogen the opportunity to help bring back you—or someone that is near and dear to you—to health and strength?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in sizes from \$1.00 up

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

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for "The Art of Living," a charming little booklet by Richard Le Gallienne, the popular poet-author, touching on Sanatogen's kindly help and giving other interesting aids in the quest for contentment and better health. The book is free. Tear this off as a reminder to write THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24 F Irving Place, New York.

Look about you for the man who is happiest in his success. You will find him of moderate habit.

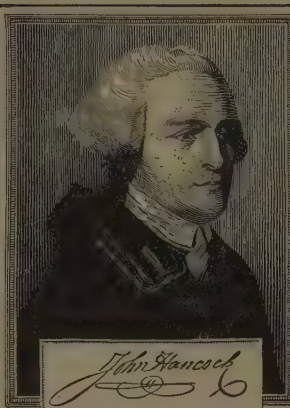
He is neither prudishly narrow nor is he excessive.

And it is the moderate man whom we most value as a customer for a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey—Wilson—Real-Wilson—That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

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"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 6

John Hancock—"Father of the Revolution"

UPON the Declaration of Independence his name may be read without spectacles. His signature was the first subscribed to the world's most famous State document. In the most realistic sense John Hancock pledged his life and his fortune to the cause of the Revolution. He was one of the richest men in the colonies, holding investments in banks, breweries, stores, hotels, and also owning a fleet of vessels. The seizure of one of these precipitated the Boston massacre. In Revolutionary days and until his death he was a popular idol. When it was proposed to bombard Boston, though it would have resulted in greater personal loss to him than to any other property owner, he begged that no regard be paid to him because of his financial interests. While Hancock did not sign the Constitution of the United States, he used his great influence in its behalf, which awakened the gratitude of Washington. "He was prepossessing in manner, and passionately fond of the elegant pleasures of life, of dancing, music, concerts, routs, assemblies, card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities." Until the end of his life the people of Massachusetts delighted to honor him. In the stirring events preceding the Revolution he was one of the most active and influential members of the Sons of Liberty. To this tireless worker for American Independence Liberty was the very breath of life. He would have frowned upon any legislation which would restrict the natural rights of man, and would have voted NO to prohibition enactments. It was upon the tenets of our National Spoken Word that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day throughout the length and breadth of the Free Republic their honest brews are famed for quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Their brand BUDWEISER has daily grown in popularity until 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

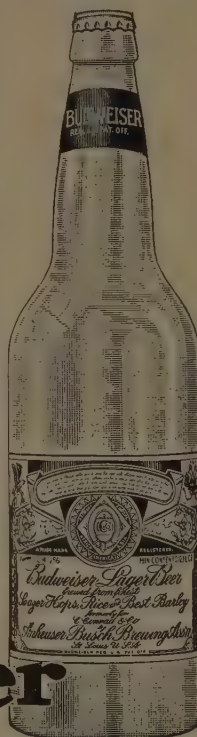
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Budweiser

Means Moderation



fore we parted that night I had promised to make a play out of Kipling's poem.

"For the next six weeks I worked at high pressure and at the end of that time took the manuscript to Hilliard's home at Siasconset. I read it to Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard and a few weeks later, Mr. Thompson put the play in rehearsal. These rehearsals were immensely valuable lessons in stage craft, for which I am indebted to Mr. Thompson and to George Marion, one of the most completely competent directors known to the American stage. Hour after hour I used to sit in the darkened theatre while my play was taking on the semblance of life. I don't recall just what changes were made; but of course there were many and probably for the best. Some of my scenes that looked very good on paper seemed surprisingly different when transported to the stage, and I was careful to learn just where and how I was wrong. We opened in Albany and I guess none of us had reason to doubt the success of the production."

Since "A Fool There Was," Mr. Browne has had no cause to complain of the income to be derived from playwriting. That one play netted a comfortable income, still coming in when he completed a piece with extravagance for its theme and called it "Waste." Springfield, Mass., was selected for the premiere this time, and after the first performance a number of alterations were decided upon. They were tested on the road for some time before the same play, under the name of "The Spendthrift" scored in New York and was acted the country over by traveling and stock companies. If "A Fool There Was" left any doubts about Mr. Browne's established place as a dramatist, they were definitely laid at rest after this second sensational success. LYNDE DENIG.

Where They Are Summering

(Continued from page 61)

her. Cooking is another favorite diversion of May Irwin. Her recipes have become domestic mottoes in many Harlem flats.

George M. Cohan's "country estate" on Long Island, boasts of a nursery which cost \$22,000. Bitter enemy of race suicide that he is, George Cohan's nursery is probably the last word in luxury for the country home.

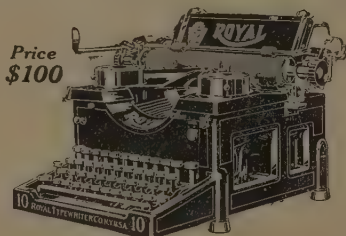
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, the happiest stage couple in America, have sacrificed the automobile habit, for dogs and horses on their country estate. Mrs. Castle is an expert rider, and although in town she drives her own machine, her real pleasure is horseback riding.

The country home of Margaret Illington is near Ossining, Westchester County. She has named it "Dream Lake," and it most aptly fulfills the title. There has been no attempt to convert the rather old-fashioned, rambling American house, into a British "country seat." The house is unostentatious, the real purpose of "Dream Lake" being its exquisite surroundings, its natural beauty of woodland, water and sloping hills. By no means is it an inexpensive country home, for the privacy of these exquisite stretches of scenery, are costly. Miss Illington lives a rather remote "dream life" in the summer, and except when driven into the house at night, spends all her time either in the canoe on the lake, or in the woods on the hillside.

Miss Julia Marlowe, who for the past two years, with her husband, Mr. E. H. Sothern, had leased a house in England, decided to spend their vacation this year in America. Last summer while in England, during nine weeks, there was but three days of sunshine, Miss Marlowe then made up her mind that she would not try that again. So they purchased a charming and spacious country home at Westhampton Beach, L. I. Miss Marlowe loves the water, and with the ocean but a hundred feet away from her front piazza, and hardly a quarter of a mile away Moriche's Bay at the back of the house, she finds the location of their country home ideal. She has foresworn England and will spend her future vacations in America.

Elsie Janis, who with her mother, will shortly be home again, will probably settle on Long Island. In spite of her delightful experience in her own houseboat on the Thames called the "King Fisher," she will probably have much to say in favor of a country home in America.

Some enterprising American Goldsmith might easily immortalize the country homes of actors and actresses in a good-sized book. In fact it is no longer at all remarkable to find that the prettiest country homes anywhere within twenty-five miles of New York, are owned and occupied in the summer by our "first theatrical families." In fact, nowadays, the actor or the actress who does not own a bungalow, is in danger of becoming socially ostracized—by the dramatic agent.



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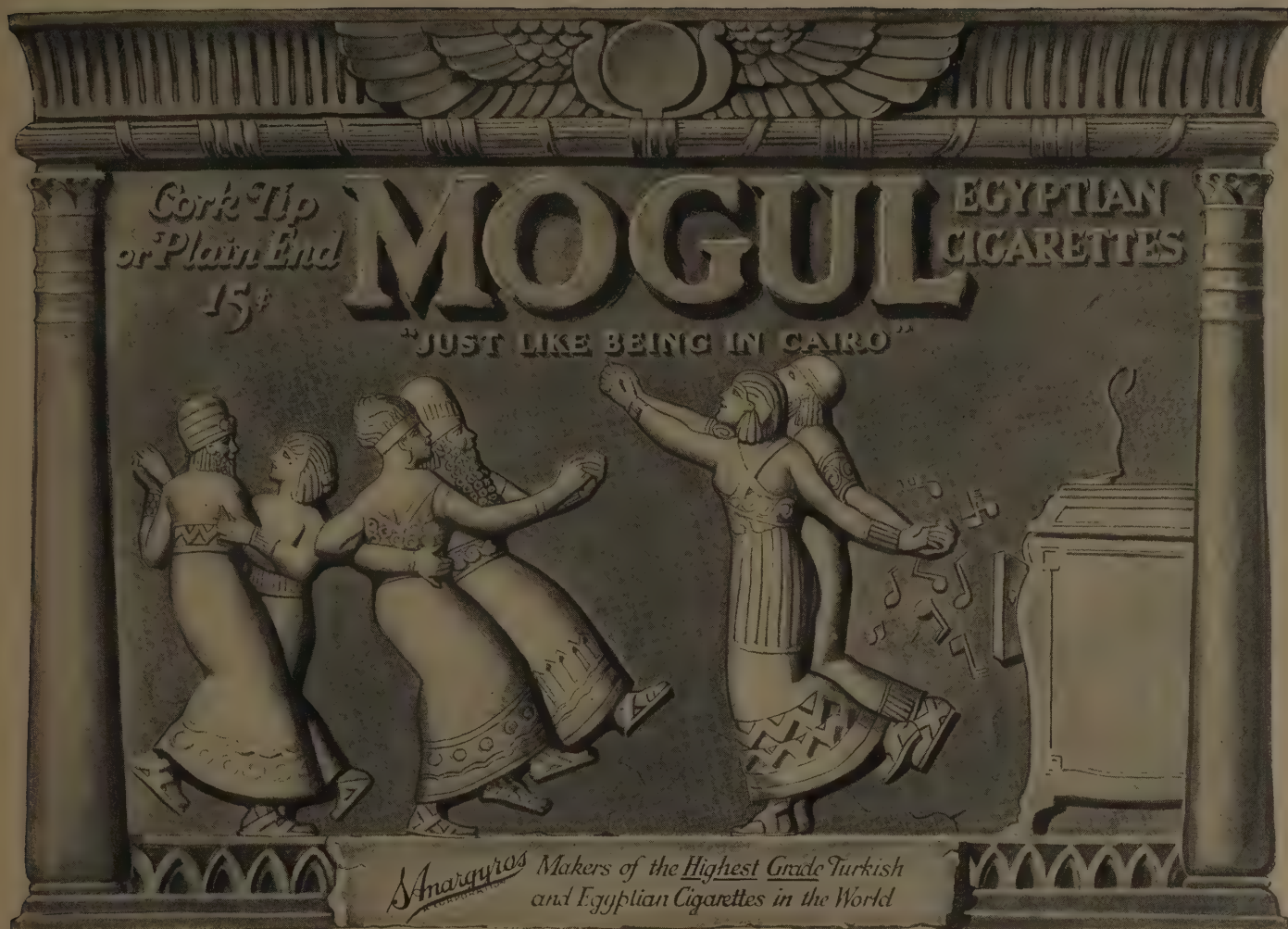
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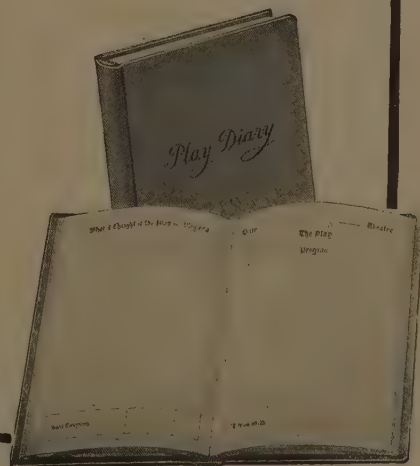
Four pages are reserved for each play—with printed headings for the date, name of the theatre, the play, a place for the Programme, names for the members of the party, two pages for illustrations, a page for personal criticisms and reviews, and space for the seat coupons.

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It is hoped that all students of the drama and more especially those who desire to take part in the marked revival of dramatic literature on both sides of the Atlantic will find profit in a handbook the lack of which has hitherto been felt and regretted.

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Clothes Seen On The Stage



Mrs. Conover's last act dress, which caused a gasp of delight to go up from the audience as soon as she set foot on the stage.

Curiously enough, at Maurice's I saw a dress almost identical with Mrs. Conover's white net



A CERTAIN Irishman of letters has said that: "One should either be a work of art, or wear a work of art." The possibility of *being* and *wearing* at one and the same time seem not to have occurred to him. But the combination does happen at rare intervals. It happens, for instance, in the case of Mrs. Teresa Maxwell-Conover, who has been playing in "The Natural Law." Mrs. Conover, as you remember, is tall and stunning looking, with a figure beautifully put together and finished off with marvelous hands and feet—your "work of art" in short. And, not content to rest on these fortuitous laurels, she always takes particular pains to wear works of art. So much so that she has the reputation for the last word in knowing what to choose in stage gowns and how to wear them, a reputation with which I fancied she was beginning from familiarity to be a trifle bored. Anyway I know she expressed a wish to have her next part that of a Hottentot mother.

DEFINITION OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN.

"What would be your definition of a well-dressed woman, Mrs. Conover?" I said to her the other evening behind the scenes of "The Natural Law." "Well, one definition," she answered without a moment's hesitation, "would be a woman who looks as if she thought a *lot* about her clothes and then put them on and forgot *all* about them. Another would be—possibly—a woman who individualizes her clothes. Individuality is so important in the matter of dressing. In fact to have one's clothes show one's individuality is the only real reason for their being. But individualization, mind, not dramatization. So may people dramatize their clothes, don't you think?" she added. I *hadn't* thought, but it was a fascinating idea to play with for a moment. I know I've seen a lot of melodrama walking on the Avenue lately and as for comedy sketches—However, to get down to cases and tell by some particular instances just how Mrs.

an accordion pleated skirt of gray china silk. A small blue turban fits snugly to the head and is rimmed with blue daisies centered in yellow, and the footlights shining against a large pin of lava at the V of the neck make it seem another note of yellow in the scheme. A long silver chain with large square cut amethysts at intervals—the gift of twenty adoring little matinée girls at the end of a stock run in Los Angeles—hangs below Mrs. Conover's waist and black patent leather slippers piped and bowed in white, and gray silk stockings to match the skirt, finish the costume.

I was indebted, along, I'm sure, with other members of the audience, to the prevailing mode of short skirts for the privilege of being able really to see Mrs. Conover's feet for the first time. I had known of her artistic hands, the admiration of painters and sculptors, but for some reason the knowledge of her equally beautiful feet had escaped me. Mrs. Conover treats them

A dark blue taffeta, one of Stern's very newest products for August, with the emphasis on the new Princess waist line.



Fine white point d'esprit and lace with pink satin girdle and a pale blue velvet daisy or two. One of Best's August models.



A "little" afternoon frock from Best & Co. of printed chiffon—blue Italian sky for the background and tiny branches of apples stamped on it in white.

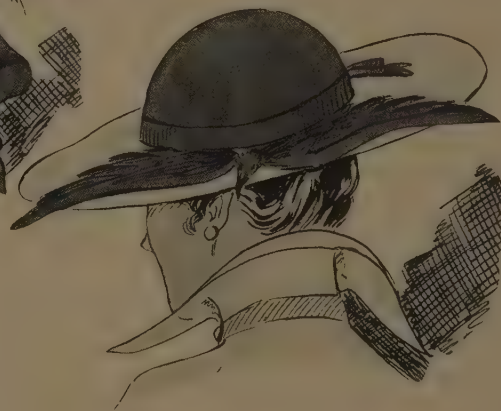
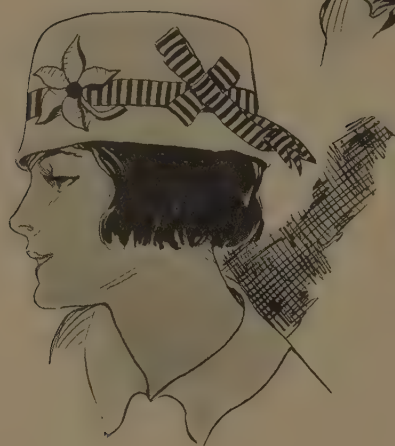
with the respect that is their due and clothes them exquisitely. While Urbanie "o f t h e garden-spot-of-France" was putting out for my inspection the four sets of shoes and stockings that went with the different costumes Mrs. Conover, making up industriously, threw off another of her pet be-

(Continued on page 101)

Conover attains her effects and presents for our edification that rare combination of an individual believing and living up to her beliefs.

In the first act a dark blue chiffon tunic jacket with a cubist-like design in silver is worn over

Conceded to late Summer is the smart French Felt when women famous for their taste in clothes as are Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Miss Louise Dresser, and Miss Elsie De Wolfe herald the vogue. Something in the softness of felt makes it becoming to almost any type of face, and the colors are of such a wide range that it is possible to obtain any desired shade.



Some of the latest felt hats seen in smart shops — a practical one of taffetas and a picturesque one of net

A white French felt "Dum-Dum" hat, pictured at the upper left, turns up on one side and is becomingly faced with navy-blue lisère. It laces up the front with military trimness and narrow navy blue grosgrain ribbon weighted with tiny red drums.—Jesette.

The diaphanous hat, directly below, takes to itself new lines as the summer advances. Not content with one brim, this Castle model sports two, and a black Lyons velvet flange and soft crown. A piquant bow of sharp velvet ends is perched at a perilous angle.

At the lower left, in white French felt, comes a wee bonnet which seems expressly designed for the Castle clipped maiden. Huge white woollen flowers with black centres and black and white striped grosgrain ribbon form the trimming and three short saucy streamers supply the charm. Knox—\$6.75.

The smartness that lies in a regimental blue felt hat from Burgesser & Co., which is shown in the upper centre, is limited only by the blue grosgrain ribbon which binds the edge of its brim. A braided blue and white ornament and two daring ribbon wings match in color and form the trimming.

Below it is an affair of navy blue taffeta which nicely sheds the dust and cannot come to serious harm in a sudden shower. Not unlike the small boy's marbles are the glass sash-end ornaments—blue and black, with flecks of porcelain blue and emerald green.—Burgesser & Co.

She sells sea shells at the seashore to Smolin, who sews three of 'em on a sea-green felt sport hat and adds a lisère facing a tone darker and a grosgrain band of the same shade. Shown at the upper right.

Knox covers the crown of a large flat white French felt with navy-blue satin and adds a flat navy-blue bird on one side of the brim and a long bow of narrow grosgrain ribbon of the same tone on the other. This particular hat shows the more elaborate style toward which felt hats seem tending as the autumn approaches,—heretofore felt having been confined almost without exception to the tailored variety—\$9.00.

Togs In Which To Sport



A dressy canary gabardine sports suit from Maurice's with a white faille collar and yellow ball buttons.

them they feel they must put up at least some sort of a bluff toward acting out the part. Viola your plot drawn out.

"A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING."

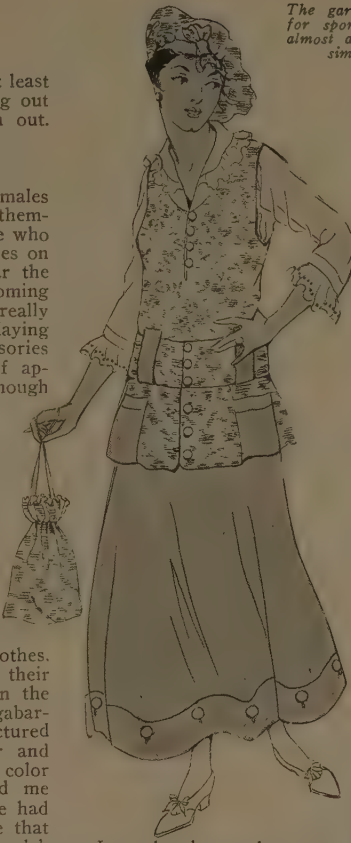
Of course, there are sporadic females who still have the nerve to put themselves in the historic class of those who don bathing suits, hang their clothes on a hickory limb and don't go near the water, but they are rapidly becoming an extinct species. And it is really rather required of a person displaying a garden smock, hat and accessories that she shall make some sort of approximation toward gardening. Though again, to be sure, one may wear a so-called polo coat and put it over without getting any nearer that game than walking on a morning or evening beach.

Too, the chintz skirts, such as the garden gate, designed primarily for sport, which I saw at Best's, could be worn with a Georgette crêpe or fine handkerchief linen waist at almost any time where a picturesque and simple little costume is wanted. But with these exceptions sport clothes, as I said above, should presuppose their coincident sporting occasions, even the somewhat dressy canary-colored gabardine sports suit from Maurice's pictured here, with its white faille collar and yellow ball buttons. A heavenly color the yellow was and they assured me that no other just like it could be had in America as the last bit of dye that shade had been used on that model. The skirt was very short, as a sport skirt should be, eight inches from the ground, but not too wide, three yards around to be exact. Maurice suggests a white kid hat to go with this trimmed with an owl's head of ostrich with yellow eyes.

SPORT ORIGINALITIES.

Another dressy sport garment from Maurice's and one that should be becoming to almost everybody is a belted coat of softest pussy-willow, white striped at fairish intervals with black, white fox fur around the bottom and on the edge of the square collar. Still another offering is a middy blouse in Italian silk, with collar, cuffs and hem of contrasting colors, emerald green, dark blue, etc.

I do think the garden gate skirts, gathered to a belt and pearl buttoning down the front, with their dear little pockets in the back like a man's trousers, are too delightful! Best & Co. is featuring these in a chintz figured, in a porcelain blue and brown and a deep rose and green sprig. And the same store features the garden gate suit shown above, with its skirt of a plain color and its jacket, bag and cap to match, of a harmonizing chintz. Stern's show a chintz jacket of their own which may have a corresponding skirt or be worn with a white one. Its pattern was vivid in coloring and most effective.



The garden gate suit, designed primarily for sport, but which could be worn at almost any time where a picturesque and simple little costume is wanted.

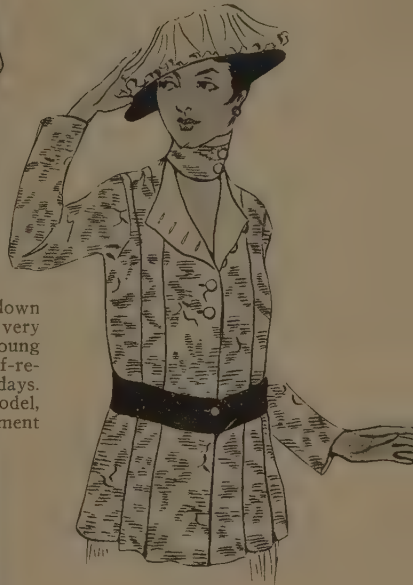
Specialty Company, here in New York, was a suit of what they called waterproof Chico cloth in broad stripes of dark green and white, red and white, blue and white and brown and white. The material was really a sort of glorified awning cloth, soft enough to adapt itself to the smart tailored lines of the suit, but with body enough to be proof not only against shower, but dust and wrinkling.

Though this model is carried by all of the smart shops, it has so far remained in the exclusive and unhackneyed class. The picture with this short description should quickly suggest to your imagination all sorts of possible uses for it.

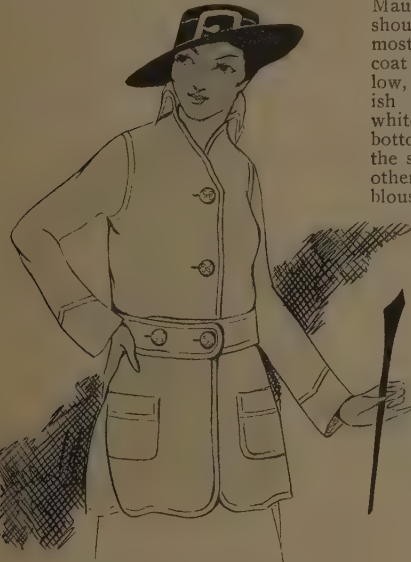
As a last suggestion smart women are ordering for outdoor exercise stockings of soft

I wonder that we have neglected chintz so long as a wearing fabric, it is so exceedingly practical and almost universally becoming up and down the scale of ages, from the very young girl to the very young grandmother—which any self-respecting grandmother is nowadays.

Another individual sport model, the conception of a Garment



Stern's have a chintz jacket of their own, which may have its skirt to match or be worn with a separate skirt.



A white chinchilla coat, delightfully fashioned for a walk on the morning beach or in the evening dew.

and at the same time altogether tempting and becoming aside from their avowed purpose. They seem to have crept in without any special featuring, almost insidiously, you might say: so that women find themselves compelled irresistibly to indulge in the garments for their sheer charm and atmosphere before they quite realize that they are doing it. Then having bought



white wool, which Peck & Peck are carrying. These come either plain ribbed or striped in darker colors, and are particularly effective when worn with the new two-toned sport shoes of buckskin or canvas, strapped, as the stockings are striped, in a darker color. You may have felt or rubber soles, as you prefer, and the white buckskin or canvas combined with black, brown, dark blue, or dark green leathers.

As a matter of fact the great shoe houses of New York tell us that this is the summer of low-heeled, sometimes rubber-heeled, buck skin shoes. The sports claim the majority of them, of course, but either the vogue for the short skirt or a wave of common sense is forcing women to wear more sensible comfortable footwear during the hot weather.

An individual sports suit, the conception of the Garment Specialty Company, made of waterproof Chico cloth.

Fall Fancies For Flappers

Four dresses and some shoes to go back to School with her—and a trunk to take 'em back in.

ALTHOUGH one is not apt to find a Flapper in Stageland, many of our famous stars (whisper it) have daughters between the ages of thirteen and seventeen.

Of course, these young ladies are away at school and one never hears of them until they are "woman grown," but while they are quietly stumbling through the awkward age, their mothers, who know everything that is to be known about dress, solve the difficult problem of selecting clothes for their half-grown girls.

And it is no easy matter—this finding of suitable wearing apparel for a miss of tender years but developed growth. One is so apt to swing just a trifle the wrong way—

All of the articles I am showing you here were purchased by stage-mothers for their own daughters, so you may feel sure that you would be quite right in selecting any of them for your girl.

A blue-serge dress is almost as necessary to a school-girl's outfit as her books. Two of Lord & Taylor's models show how cleverly this "old favorite" can be combined with some of the newest silks.

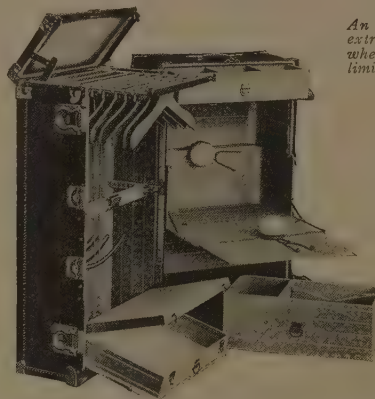
One lovely little frock had a jacket effect of serge with sleeves of navy blue dull silk, striped in red and green and sprinkled here and there with tiny odd satin figures. The upper part of its most unusual skirt was made of this same delightful fabric. Down the back, from collar to hem, hung a loose blue-serge panel, caught in at the waist line with a serge and silver ornament.



This model had sleeves and a good bit more than half its skirt made of a combination of wide navy blue taffetas and satin stripes

One lovely little frock had a jacket effect of serge with sleeves of navy blue dull silk.

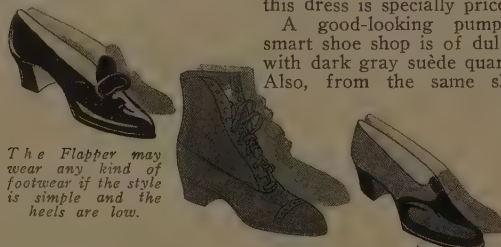
An excellent means of providing extra closet room, especially where such space is usually limited and very often has to be shared.



To prove that stripes still dominate, the other model had sleeves and a good bit more than half its skirt made of a combination of wide navy-blue taffetas and satin stripes. A wide sash of the serge knotted

guimpe with its scalloped collar and cuffs matches in quaintness the ribbon-laced bodice and full plaited skirt. Its simple black velvet ribbon belt is trimmed with four crocheted ornaments. At Bonwit Teller & Co. this dress is specially priced at \$6.95.

A good-looking pump from a smart shoe shop is of dull black kid with dark gray suede quarters, \$5.50. Also, from the same shop, come



The Flapper may wear any kind of footwear if the style is simple and the heels are low.

loosely at one side, ended in quaint rows of tiny satin buttons. Checked up to the mode of her elders, a Flapper could take along a light woolen black and white dress from Bonwit Teller, and find much

chocolate brown Russian leather laced boots built on boyish lines and priced at \$5.00.

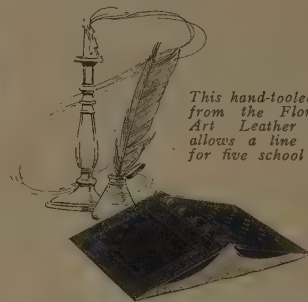
Slater has toned down the heel Daughter would like to wear, to meet Mother's ap-

Checked up to the mode of her elders, a Flapper could find much use for this black and white dress from Bonwit Teller & Co.

proval without losing any of its grace, but minus much of its height. A patent leather Colonial dance slipper with this new heel sells for \$5.50.

All of these articles and a great many more would nicely fit into a Hartmann wardrobe trunk, which not only solves the problem of transporting one's wardrobe without damage or wrinkles, but would also serve as an excellent means of providing extra closet room, especially where such space is usually limited and very often has to be shared. This particular trunk even provides "pockets" for hats and shoes. It can be had in different coverings and sizes from \$21.25 to \$62.50.

One of my little school-girl friends received a quaint gift not long ago. It was called a "Year by Year" book and contained spaces in which one is supposed to write a line a day for five years. The book was magnificently bound in hand tooled leather and I am quite sure it was bought in the Florentine Art Leather Shop, be-



This hand-tooled book from the Florentine Art Leather Shop allows a line a day for five school years.

cause they have one there exactly like it. Its charm was in the thought behind it—a line a day for five years—what a record of the happiest time of one's life!



A thin, cool frock is indeed a blessing, and this blue and white awning-striped poplin would be a double one, for it combines becomingness with practicability

VANITY FAIR

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photographed in a number of his Gilbert and Sullivan roles; also the New York Cabaret as seen through the good humor glasses of P. G. Wodehouse, the English humorist; and an article on the salaries earned by women in the professions which will surprise you.

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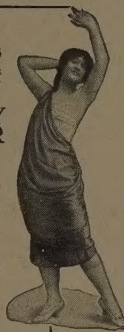
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NEW YORK



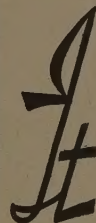
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Clothes Seen on the Stage

(Continued from page 97)

liefs. "I believe," said she, "that a woman is as well dressed as she is well shod."

THE BEAUTY OF COLOR AND LINE.

Mrs. Conover's second act dress is a deep rose color with which she wears a hat cherry-trimmed, and carries a snub-nosed gray parasol with ivory-tipped ribs and blue-birds sewn in flight across the inside of the cover. A delectable parasol! The third act gown has a yellow broad-cloth skirt with a Georgette crêpe blouse and is individualized by its brown kid belt and brown necktie. Tan shoes side-laced show Mrs. Conover's feet to perfection, and hoop earrings of jet give that French touch of black.

As for Mrs. Conover's last act dress, which is pictured here, it deserves a whole paragraph quite by itself. A gasp of delight goes up from the feminine (I wouldn't swear to its being exclusively feminine either) part of the audience, an o-o-o-f of admiration, as soon as she sets foot on the stage. Mrs. Conover says that every night it is just the same and does warm the cockles of her heart. And it is a wonderful dress, a white net embroidered in black over a softly swishing white taffeta. A wide white taffeta girdle gave the new long line to the waist: a smart little turban all of black paillettes from the Brège Margot shop (as were all of Mrs. Conover's hats) fitted close to the head with the same artfulness as did the first act turban. The slippers were of black



and white striped moiré with black and white brilliant buckles, the stockings of palest gray—and the further accessories were a diamanté plaque at the end of a black velvet ribbon, several unusual and stunning rings, and a black pearl in one ear and a white in the other. You can imagine why that gasp goes up from the audience every night.

I WAS looking up trunks the other day and happened to run across the wardrobe closet which the Hartmann Company puts out. I knew a girl a year or two ago who possessed one in her family. That is she bought it for her husband for a birthday present, and then found it so useful that she wanted to work it in for her own use.

They were an unusually devoted and agreeing couple, but I remember that they became quite warmly disputatious over who should use what part of that wardrobe, "if any." It threatened at one time to become a serious bone of contention. But as I saw the two in

the distance lately looking perfectly bland and harmonious I presume they came to some agreement on the subject or, happy thought, doubtless bought another. I sympathized; because every time I went into their apartment the compactness and right proportions of that wardrobe closet were a source of envy and I longed for possession. Circumstances, at the time, however, really didn't warrant my having one.

So when the Hartmann people called the wardrobe to my attention

I greeted it like an old friend and we recapitulated in chorus its beauties and uses. (The particular closet I saw was of genuine mahogany but it comes in birch, mahogany finished and in oak; and the Hartmann people are contemplating one finished in white enamel.) It stands fifty inches high, so that it fits neatly into any corner of no matter how small a room, is twenty-four inches wide and twenty-four deep, and with its seven drawers and ten hangers can stow away and keep from dust and in perfect order more articles of clothing than the ordinary clothes closet, beside being an ornamental object in itself. And then there is no diving around in the dark for what you want, everything is right where you can lay your hand on it, because the drawers do not have to be lifted, but can be pulled out just like a chiffonier drawer. I could wish a compulsion on all landlords to furnish one with the lease.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

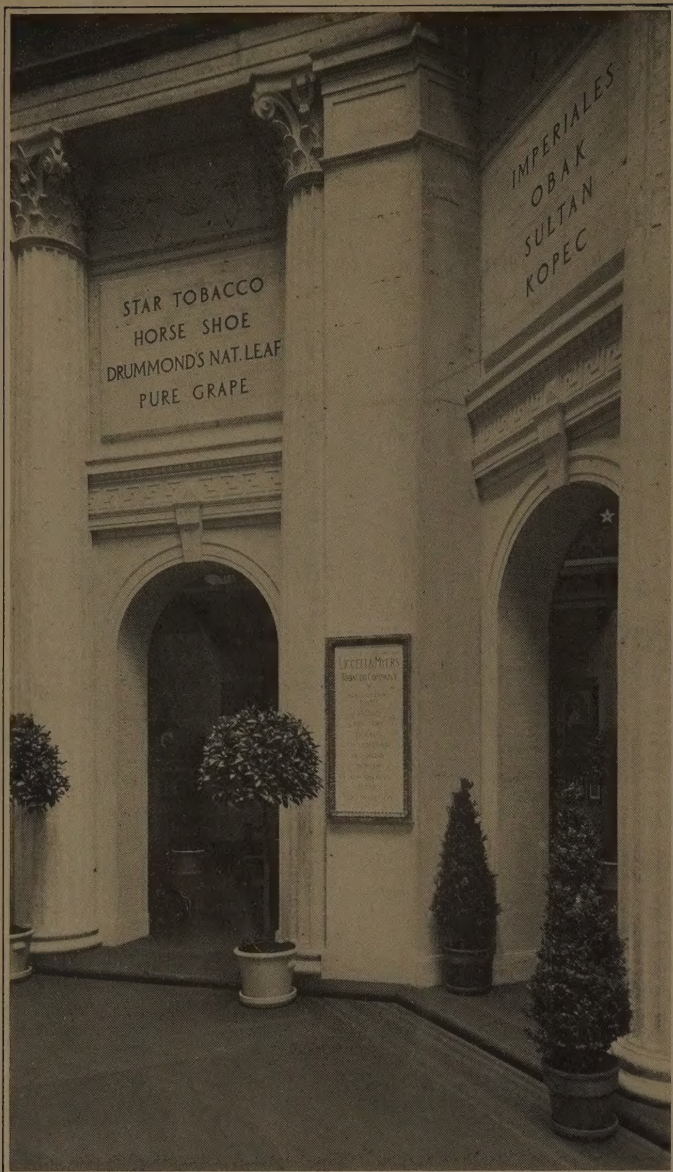
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If the question of different and special sizes, colors, prices or quality of any of them arises with you, do not hesitate to write Anne Archbald.

She will give you all possible information, and it leaves you under no obligation to purchase.

THEATRE MAGAZINE SHOPPING SERVICE



Two of the thirteen wide arches forming the entrances to the building of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.'s exhibit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco.

THE tobacco industry at the San Francisco Exposition is represented in a dignified and artistic manner, not to say stately, by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company's exhibit.

There was an opportunity to show to the millions of visitors the real history of tobacco, and the many products displayed comprise practically everything in the tobacco business, with the two exceptions of snuffs and cigars. It is of interest not only to the smoker, but to those who do not smoke, and to women and children. In this exhibit are included all of the principal products of Liggett & Myers' factories, St. Louis; Spaulding & Merrick, Chicago; W. R. Irby, New Orleans, La.; W. Duke, Sons & Co., Durham, N. C., and New York City; Allen & Ginter, Richmond, Va.; H. Ellis, Philadelphia, Pa., branches, and of the Pinkerton Tobacco Company, Toledo, O., and the John Bollman Company, San Francisco, Cal., subsidiaries.

The exterior of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.'s exhibit is of classic architecture, the entrances to the interior being had through thirteen wide arches, separated by massive Corinthian columns. Inside this most impressive and dignified building, which is built in the form of two wings at right angles, connected by a cross section, against the walls opposite the arches of each wing are plate glass and mahogany show windows—five in one wing and three in the other—which are full actual store front height and depth, and the cross section between the wings is used for a reception room, or club room, for trade visitors and the public, and presents a warm and genial welcome in its composition, coloring and equipment, the whole wall space being devoted to a spacious fire-place in which the blazing logs help the illusion of an actual interior.

Between the entrance through the main arch of the connecting section and the fire place, there are heavy chairs surrounding an immense table, also writing desks for trade visitors and the public, and in the alcove of the fire-place at each side are broad cushioned benches, from which the exhibits in either wing can be seen to great advantage.

This is the first collective exhibit of standard tobacco products that has ever been made, and has proved one of the most interesting and largely attended exhibits in the agriculture department buildings.

“The Ranger and the Woman”, a new six-part serial by Hamlin Garland, will begin in the July twenty-fourth number of Collier's, the National Weekly.

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so red
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where some
buried Caesar
bled"

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